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The Week

BELGIUM was not mentioned in the German note to the Holy See, but with the exception of Count Reventlow, the German press assumes that the declaration on Belgium has already been made in private to the Papal office, or will surely come in response to a leading question from the Pope, or will be made by Michaelis on his own initiative in the Reichstag some time this week. Justification for this forecast may be found in that part of the German note which speaks of the Government as acting in consultation with representatives of its people and in accordance with the Reichstag declaration of July 19. Thus much we may be sure of, that even if the Kaiser makes the fullest concessions, it will not be without several more exhibitions of the official German gift for stupid and irritating arrogance. It is amusing to have all problems of the "war-map" now emphasized by the German press as subsidiary questions which can be settled around the green table. The German Government has from the beginning been notoriously interested in moral issues only, and has no heart or thought for anything but disarmament and obligatory world arbitration! However, to-day what the German Government desires is of less importance than what the German people desires.

TACTICAL considerations in combating the Pan-German campaign have made the position of the German progressive elements something as follows: "We are bound to establish a democratic, responsible government in Germany, but we refuse to have Mr. Wilson tell us so!" No other interpretation can be made of the action of the Radical party convention for the Kingdom of Württemberg, which, having condemned foreign attempts to interfere with internal politics, instructed the Radical members of the Reichstag:

> Regardless of foreign interference and the transparent efforts of political opponents to make capital from it, to persist in their course looking to a liberal development of German institutions.

Of exactly the same import was the principal orator's vehement denunciation of President Wilson as a "fanatical outward foe and the greatest opponent of its inner development along lines *unconditionally necessary to the greater participation of the people in its government and administration.*" Perhaps the President will not take too much to heart this indignant denial that the German people need any encouragement from Mr. Wilson in order to agree with him.

JUDGE COHALAN has made denial—a rather limping denial—of the extraordinary advice to the German Embassy credited to him in the von Igel documents. The Judge appears to be fully aware of the awkward position in which he is placed. If the charges against him were to be substantiated, they would compel either his resignation from the bench or his impeachment by the Legislature. His is a tragic situation. Comic, on the contrary, is the plight of Jeremiah O'Leary and his precious Truth Society. A German agent was actually dismissed for having too much confidence in O'Leary and Truth! The poor man thought that O'Leary could observe "silence." But blabbing is the long suit of O'Leary. We supposed that everybody knew this. He is, to be sure, just now both silent and absent. If he comes back, he will have to answer, not only the accusation of being too thick with the German Ambassador, but also that made by Chief Magistrate McAdoo, that he and his kind are the worst enemies of Ireland.

AT the congress of democratic parties now meeting at Petrograd, some light will probably be thrown on the extraordinary accounts which have been put forth regarding the inside history of the Kornilov episode. Until the exact circumstances are established there is just one fact upon which the friends of free Russia must fix their minds, and that is Kerensky's conception of his own duty in face of an enormously difficult problem. He must not give way to the demands of the Maximalist extremists, because the final outcome of that would be to bring about reaction. He must not, on the other hand, in making use of the moderate elements against the Socialist extremists, give too much headway to the former, lest moderation pass into counter-revolution. His mission, as he conceives it, is to plead and placate. He must play off one party against the other, not for personal purposes, but for the sake of Russia. To say that he was engaged in a plot with Kornilov for the suppression of the revolutionary democracy at Petrograd is to accuse him of planning to destroy one of the forces upon which he probably counts to check the possibility of ultra-reaction. Had he really been eager to put down the Petrograd workingmen with an iron hand, he would have found an opportunity in the Maximalist uprising of last July, when there was open warfare in the streets of the capital. Keeping this policy in mind, it is not impossible to suppose that Kerensky asked for the dispatch of some of Kornilov's troops to the capital to hold in check the Petrograd garrison with its decided Maximalist sympathies. But when these troops moved forward under the command of Gen. Krymov, whom Kerensky distrusted, the situation changed. It is a complicated problem which the extremists on both sides might capitalize to Kerensky's disadvantage if it were not that from all sides the moderate element is rallying to his support.

EVERY evidence of growing smoothness of coöperation with the Allies in distributing food among the nations fighting Germany is welcome. In June the President said that steps were being taken to determine the available supply of grain from last year, to learn from countries importing from the United States "what the purchases in this country now are, where they are stored, and what their needs are," and to make an adjustment between their needs and ours. England's buying organization here is rapidly acquiring an efficiency commensurate with its task of purchasing $1,250,000,000 worth of food in the next year; where temporarily incomplete, as in facilities for buying Britain's share of Cuban sugar, Lord Rhondda expresses willingness to rely upon Mr. Hoover. Since the price of

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wheat has been fixed no inter-Allied competition can unduly boost prices; but the danger had remained in the purchase of meats and fats, and now comes British announcement of a "meats and fats executive" to pool French, Italian, and British purchases. The world's sugar output is to be virtually controlled by an international council of five. America now has a food agent in London, as Lord Rhondda hopes Canada will soon have; and Hoover, Rhondda, Hanna, and representatives of various colonial and Allied Governments, will exercise such a power over world food as would have seemed incredible a year ago.

THE Government's determination to provide sufficient sheer physical force to make no doubt of the war's issue is seen in Secretary Baker's submission of estimates of funds required for the equipment of a half million additional men "in anticipation of a call for that number," and for a supply of small arms and so on for "an army of 2,300,000." On September 6 it was announced that there were 819,881 men in the land forces of the nation exclusive of the draft army and reserve officers. Enlistments since, and the 687,000 men in the new National Army going into training, would bring the total well above 1,500,000. The combined strength of the regular army and National Guard, as authorized at the beginning of the war, was 750,000, of which the 300,000 quota for the regular army was exceeded some weeks ago. It would be difficult to say in just what way the figures of 2,300,000 are arrived at. What is certain is that the Government is making every preparation now for an army far more powerful than America has ever raised, that it is looking to the possibility of contributing to the struggle in Europe more than a half million, or a million, or even a million and a half of men, and that it serves notice upon Germany and her allies that it is in the war with all its strength.

IF the President's appeal to the metal and shipyard strikers on the Pacific Coast was immediately effective in bringing back to work 30,000 men in San Francisco alone, the prospect is more than fair for the adjustment of future labor troubles on the same basis of temporary compromise, to be followed by investigation and definite adjustment. In San Francisco the tradition of labor warfare has been more persistent and more bitter than perhaps anywhere in the country. It has been complicated, moreover, by enmities arising over the notorious Mooney case. If the unions have been willing to listen to reason in San Francisco, there should be no special difficulty in dealing with a similar situation in communities where such ancient animosities do not prevail. From now to the conclusion of peace we must look forward to the labor problem as one of the permanent factors in the nation's war efforts. Because of the rapidly changing conditions consequent upon the sudden development of war industry, it is not likely that we can escape the constant need for negotiation and readjustment which all the other belligerent nations have been compelled to face. All the more reason for congratulating ourselves that in the first serious instance the Administration should have acted with understanding and dispatch, and that on the part of workers and employers the spirit of give and take should have manifested itself.

LEGISLATION is under way at Washington for a moratorium to protect soldiers and their families during the war against certain kinds of litigation, including actions for rent and foreclosure of mortgages. True, everybody wishes to see our soldiers protected while fighting for their country. But, on the other hand, is it fair to put so large and exclusive a burden on real estate? If several more calls, under the draft law, should come, there would probably be few apartment or tenement houses in a city like New York which would not have one or more families with a wage-earning member at the front. The resultant hardships to landlords would be very great. A supplementary law would have to be passed permitting them to suspend interest and principal payments on their mortgages, in which case they would pass at least a part of that burden on to the mortgagee. In Paris, where the general moratorium worked in just this manner, both landlords and mortgage holders have been deprived of almost their whole income. The Government itself has been forced to pay them at least a part of the defaulted rentals.

THE argument of the leanness of recent years used by coal operators to excuse unjustifiable prices cropped up at the St. Paul Convention of the National Non-Partisan League as an argument for higher prices of wheat. "The farmers have had poor crops for two years," declared Gov. Frazier, of North Dakota, "and the price of $2.20 a bushel, while a good price in other times, is too low for this year." A good price in other times!—he knows that it would be an enormous price for any other time than one in which a world war had given American wheat a favored position and production promised to be far below normal. In the last decade the farmer's lot has been a very prosperous one, and it is not the purpose of the fixing of wheat prices in 1917 to make reparation for what he suffered between 1885 and 1898. Gov. Frazier might have recalled that 1915 was a bumper year in the Dakotas as elsewhere, and that the farmers reaped a golden harvest from prices already beginning to mount. The year 1916 was poor in general production; the present year will be poor in wheat only, but the adjustment of price in each case compensates for that. Figures from a North Dakota agricultural experiment station show that this year the 75,000 farmers of that State expect to divide $240,000,000 from their eight principal crops, to which other crops and live stock will add materially. With wheat twice as high as the average for the three years before the war, corn (a huge crop) much more than thrice as high, oats (a huge crop) nearly twice as high, and cotton half again as high, the demand for more by the Non-Partisan League is impudence.

THE National Non-Partisan League is consciously making a modest but very radical début into national affairs. It has representatives at Washington supporting a programme of extreme taxation of incomes and excess profits, confident that, though farmers as a class are taking billions in war profits, they will not be touched; its convention invited Mr. Hoover to hear its views on prices of food; and its new cartoonist-Congressman is among those who denounce Eastern "interests" while threatening the power of the farmers' votes as the mightiest "interest" in the country. It has put itself *en rapport* with Senators like Gronna, who the other day were taunting Hoover with having failed to revolutionize prices and covertly congratulating themselves on having obtained for the wheat-growers $2 a bushel. We are sure the League misrepresents the farmer

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in its demand for higher prices; there is every evidence that the estimate from the Kansas State College that $2.20 wheat means $1.21 net profit a bushel is roughly correct, and farmers are wise enough to know it, liberal enough to appreciate it, and patriotic enough to redouble their efforts without question. The League has been spreading South, East, and West on one issue which is essentially sound—that government should improve distribution to protect producer and consumer. If it goes in for pocket policy, it will not get far.

IN making prompt application for a recount of the votes cast in last week's primaries, Mayor Mitchel took the proper step to clear his title to the Republican nomination of any suspicion of a cloud. The action cannot mean that the Mayor will take himself out of the race in the unlikely event of a recount showing a majority for Bennett. He will still be the candidate of the Fusion forces in the city, and the notice served at the beginning upon the Republican leaders, that in any event a Fusion ticket will be in the field, will and should hold. The Mayor accepted the designation of the Fusion forces with reluctance, but, once in the fight, we expect him to see it through and to let the responsibility for a factional Republican ticket and a victory for Tammany fall where it belongs. It is either that, or else victory conceded in advance to Tammany. Bennett's proposal that both Mitchel and he retire in favor of a third person to be designated by the Republican leaders is absurd. It would be a repudiation, in fact, of the present Administration and at best a dislocation of anti-Tammany forces of which the moral effect would be disastrous.

THE ascent of an Italian officer carrying twelve passengers with him seems to establish the aeroplane definitely as a commercial possibility. This will be one of the few welcome by-products of the war. Flying has made greater strides during the last three years than, in all probability, it would have made in twenty years of peace. The aeroplane now is much further advanced in development than was the automobile of the late nineties. War has done more rapidly for the aeroplane what last generation's rich people did for the automobile. It has paid the expense of the experimental period. Cost has not figured in the calculations of the various belligerents; aeroplanes ceased to be dangerous toys and became military necessities. Now experts tell us that the war is to be won in the air. When peace finally arrives, mankind will have at its disposal a new mode of transportation, ready-made. And since it has been improvements in transportation facilities, from the anonymous but revolutionary invention of the wheel down to that of the Wright plane, which have contributed most to mankind's advancement, the world may look forward to a new era of civilization after the war.

EQUAL suffrage has of late made such strides in Europe that the defeat in the upper house of the Swedish Riksdag of the bill fully to enfranchise women requires explanation. A Conservative majority of the committee reporting the bill declared that the question had been insufficiently discussed, and that the proposal to enfranchise women at a higher age than men, which had been suggested as a compromise, made it desirable to delay it for fuller consideration. The vote to uphold this view was 66 to 43, although the Conservatives were reminded that their persistent opposition would be remembered against them when the inevitable reform was effected. The strength of the popular movement behind the bill was attested by a supporting memorial signed by about 200 of the most prominent Swedes in the various professions and arts. It can be only a short time until the countrywomen of Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlöf enjoy as full rights as Norwegian, Danish, and Finnish women.

WHILE the trial of the Governor of Texas proceeds, the State University is regaining the position held before he attempted to bring it under his domination. The regents whom Gov. Ferguson dismissed have been reinstated. On September 14 they reinstated the six professors removed at the instance of the Governor, and invited Dean Battle, who left because of the Governor's attacks, to return. Meanwhile, the Legislature has by unanimous vote revived and passed the appropriation bill vetoed by Gov. Ferguson, who can no longer interfere with it. The University is now announcing that it has a complete faculty, that teachers and regents are in harmony, and that its finances for the next two years are assured. It will doubtless go on to strengthen its hold on the affections of the State, and no one who sees how completely its opponent is unhorsed will fear another such assault.

ALTHOUGH the pressing problems at Smith are those of organization and administration, the trustees have followed the precedent established by women's colleges in electing as president a man known primarily for his scholarship. Professor Neilson's reputation rests upon so "academic" a basis as studies in Shakespeare and romantic poetry. Whether the elevation of such a man to the headship of a leading woman's college shows the hopeless conservatism of women and of men interested in broadening women's opportunities, or a gratifying loyalty to the finest ideals of education, is a question that various persons will answer variously. Whatever the reason, no woman's college has shown signs of hankering after a president whose main qualification was that of business ability. Yet the first task that President Neilson will face is that of obtaining more endowment, more buildings, and more teachers. An indication of the spirit in which this problem has been approached by the trustees is given in the open secret that they have been considering as among the possibilities a division of the college into a group of colleges, so that, no matter how large the attendance might become, the personal relation between student and teacher might not be lost. In this attitude there is a hint for those very "modern" trustees and faculties that are hastily drawing up a restatement of the value of going to college.

WAR has again taken toll of art in the death of Maciste, real hero of that most beautiful of all moving-picture dramas, Cabiria. No more fitting end can be imagined for the Italian actor, Athos, than this, on the scarred Bainsizza plain, which is no plain at all, but a jumbled mass of rugged mountains thrown together, helter-skelter—amid titan warfare of scaling inaccessible cliffs and dodging deadly showers of rock-splinters. Maciste belonged to such scenery. He was a gaillard Samson, at his best when moving mountains and overturning temples. The thousands whom he thrilled and uplifted into romance will always think of him as carrying the qualities of his films into real life, just as

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children imagine the home life of clowns to be continuously merry and whimsical. They will picture him hurling recalcitrant Austrians who refused to surrender over his head down mountain-sides, or catching on the fly and tossing back into the foe's rock-burrows with immense effect their own Skoda shells, or carrying off the field a dozen or more of his wounded countrymen tucked away on his back and in his huge arms. He, on the rock-strewn battlefield, and D'Annunzio circling above in his plane, symbolize the dual personality of the Italian people.

Dummheit

IT is a good German word, and it is a word which Germans themselves have freely applied to their own rulers. After the revelations of the past few days, they will be inclined to apply it with more freedom and bitterness than ever. In the way of criminal proceedings the German Government has lost the power to give the world anything novel. The worst is now easily believed. But in displays of stupidity German officials seem to be able to go on surpassing even themselves. What most strikes one in von Bernstorff's attempt to corrupt Congress and in all the plotting and violation of the law in which the German Embassy and its agents and dupes engaged is not so much the wickedness of the whole as its crass folly. These astute super-men of diplomacy were imposed upon right and left. They were veritable "easy marks" for adventurers and fakers. The money they poured out was largely wasted. They bought men for thousands who were notoriously not worth a nickel. And their miscalculations throughout were simply ludicrous. They had more blundering conceptions of the real forces that sway this country than were ever before entertained by a single set of incompetents. A child in the kindergarten would have had a better idea of means and ends than that they acted upon. They were credulous beyond belief; they were bled through the nose by all sorts of impostors; they neither understood their job nor how to go about it. Of boasted German efficiency in government, they made a screaming farce.

With all the outside world now aware of this, how long will it be before the German people understand it? That they have long been awake to the poor capacity of their ruling classes there is much evidence. In their military leaders they appear still to have confidence, but their civilian officials they have come thoroughly to distrust. Interesting evidence on this point is given in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Prof. F. Sefton Delmer. He, Australian-born, had lived for twenty years past in Germany, during the latter part of the time being a professor in the University of Berlin. From the outbreak of the war until May of this year, he was a civil prisoner in Berlin. He was able, however, to go about under restrictions, and to see something of his university friends. What he writes of their change of opinion is instructive. He declares:

> Before the war the intellectual classes of Germany were almost to a man on the side of the Kaiser. But many of these people, who in August, 1914, lauded their ruler to the skies as a new Charlemagne, now shrug their shoulders at him and his House. They put the disaster which has come over them in consequence of this war, and the still worse disasters with which they see themselves threatened in the near future, down to the Kaiser's clumsy diplomatic preparation of the war, and his autocratic system. His everlasting pose, his wish to delude himself and them into the belief that he is a second Frederick the Great, his fickleness and impulsiveness as a pilot of German policy, have all come home to them. "He dismissed Bismarck," I have heard people say, "but just look at the statesmen he has chosen as his Chancellors since—first Caprivi, a mere soldier; then Hohenlohe, the courtier; then the selfish fox von Bülow, and after him the pliable and weak-kneed philosopher Bethmann, but never a really strong man or great statesman among them all."

The widespread desire for political reform in Germany is strongly testified to by Professor Delmer. Liberals and Socialists are hot for it, and so are many Conservatives. "I have heard moderate Conservatives say that the Hohenzollerns did an evil thing for Germany when they arrogated to themselves the hereditary right to the title of Kaiser." The future Kaiser, they contend, "must be chosen according to merit." And in countless ways is the belief manifest in Germany that the Empire is in danger of being ruined by incapable rulers. "Do you really suppose," Professor Delmer heard a man ask Karl Liebknecht, "our Government reckoned with England's coming into the war?" "Goodness knows!" he replied; "they are stupid enough for anything." And the plaint is common that there has been no open career for talent in the German Government. Discussing this question with Professor Delmer, one German said: "Somehow or other, Germany must in future be governed by its first-rate, and not, as is now the case, by its *third-rate minds*."

Events are daily piling up proof of the fatuous control of German foreign policy. What will proud Germans think of their Foreign Office meekly lying down before an ultimatum from Argentina? With what composure will they read of the alienation of Sweden by official deceit? How will they feel about their Zimmermanns and their Luxburgs and their Bernstorffs, when the full evidence of their incredible follies is laid before the German public? With the shame there will surely be resentment—resentment that Germany has been put in such a bad light by the acts of her rulers, so that her Government to-day is distrusted or hated everywhere, and no one can be found to place faith in its pledges, or to be anything but nauseated when it talks about morality and good faith among nations. President Wilson does not need to go outside of Germany to find powerful support for his contention that the existing German Government has made itself impossible. To have been guilty of such gigantic stupidities is a condemnation from which there can be no appeal. Ferocious lawlessness might have been pardoned if it had been successful; but failure heaped on mistake makes up an undeniable *Dummheit* upon which the German people, in sheer self-defence, will soon be compelled to lay violent hands.

Abusing Mr. Hoover

WHEN Mr. Hoover accepted his post, he understood that he was accepting a prospect of endless fault-finding. A month after their final vote against the Food bill, certain Senators were already berating him. Proudly recalling his opposition, on September 8 Senator Sherman called attention to the fact that the price of bread had not decreased "to a single family":

> Pork has gone to $20. Beef has risen to more than $18 on the hoof. Sheep have gone up accordingly. Every animal producing meat to feed mankind has reached unprecedented figures. Eggs are 60 cents a dozen in Washington, and still the Government lives and the Food Controller is in the full operation of his appointed powers. Every broken egg means a nickel. I looked

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at my bill this morning from the grocery, and eggs are 60 cents a dozen. Where is Hoover?

Senator Gronna sarcastically interrupted that no one must lose sight of the fact that Hoover had reduced the price of wheat to the producer 33 per cent. without affecting that to the consumer. La Follette chimed in with, "I do not see how it is possible for Mr. Hoover or the President to escape responsibility for the prices that prevail with regard to any product." Every one knows how to allow for the petty animus of these men; but is not a wider dissatisfaction being felt? Are there not murmurs that, while the press is full of predictions of lower costs of food, they are not being realized? Are not the prices of meat and bread in England being discontentedly compared with ours?

If this shortsighted attitude gains ground, it will be most unfortunate. The rejoinders in the Senate constituted a reminder that Congress fell far short of making Hoover a real "food dictator." Senator La Follette himself pointed out that "for some reason" no power was given to regulate the prices of retail dealers doing a business of less than $100,000 a year. Gronna's jibe recalls to us that the stipulation for $2 wheat in 1918 which he and others insisted on was a potent factor in the decision to place wheat this short year at $2.20; and, of course, the high price of wheat is the basic reason for high bread, the elevators and millers being under Government power. Mr. Hoover has at no time dealt in rash promises, or overestimated his strength as against the mighty world-forces in this time of abnormal economic conditions. Nothing that he can do will remove the blockade upon Russian or Australian grain, or increase South American exports, or otherwise lessen the urgency of Europe's demands upon our limited supplies. He has contented himself with waiting until he could point to definite achievements, and nothing could be a greater error than the assertion that none of these are yet in sight. The price of sugar, for example, is perceptibly lower to every housewife; the price of bread, *pace* Sherman, will almost certainly be slightly lower. The organization at Washington cannot be brought to the highest pitch of efficiency without the lapse of time, but already it is counting heavily for increased production and for conservation, and with at least some weight for the steady elimination of profiteering. The increasing of production and of household economy is a prime object.

A deal of fault-finding would be checked by realizing that we cannot expect to win the war without immediate sacrifice by every individual; that we have been thrown into an economic as well as military association with the Allies; and that Mr. Hoover's duty is to envisage his problem as international as well as national, and to improve production and distribution, not only for America, but for the nations beside which we are fighting. So far as the pressure of high prices was reason for it, we might have had a Food Controller any time these three years; but he was appointed following the declaration of war with the distinct idea of helping us and others to wage it. The price of wheat has had to be fixed with a liberality which will encourage bumper production next year for shipment abroad in case the war is still raging, with a million or more Americans in France. The Food Controller has constantly preached the necessity of shipping food abroad in increasing quantities, of economizing here so that more may go. If we could set up partial barriers to its export, it would be possible to lower prices accordingly; but the barriers must go down. Prices of food are moving towards a fairly uniform international level, which, of course, is at an unheard-of mark; the amount the English and French farmers are paid for wheat is approximately the amount the American farmer is paid. With all the resources of America cast into the balance, we have a right to complain of profiteering where it exists, but no right to chafe under a common burden which must be great with all profiteering ended. For the abnormality is irremovable; and at the bottom is the farmer who is no profiteer, though he makes thrice as much as formerly, but must be spurred to greater effort.

Americans who think that we are assuming an unjust share of the burden are little acquainted with conditions abroad. In England, where the eight commissions inquiring into industrial unrest have agreed that the chief cause is the high cost of living and unequal distribution of food, bread is indeed cheaper than here. But it is war bread of coarser ingredients, and the state makes good the loss to the seller at the fixed price. In isolated Australia it might be supposed that food would not be high; yet the *Survey* contains a long account of how soaring prices forced the Government to embark in its distribution and even production, and of how unsatisfactory much of the result has seemed. The housewife's anxiety is world wide, and Americans are on the whole in a favored position. As for needless abuses in distribution and selling, they doubtless exist; they date far back, and States and cities have been indifferent to them; it would be folly to think that a Federal administrator could eliminate them in two months.

Treatment of Prisoners in Germany

THREE books just published by persons who have been prisoners in Germany typify excellently the various kinds of experience gone through by men of Entente nationalities unfortunate enough to fall into German hands. This question of the treatment of prisoners, since we have entered the war and have our own young men on the western front, has become a matter of the most vital interest to all of us. Ambassador Gerard has spoken anything but reassuringly on the subject. And most returning captives, exchanged usually for Germans, tell very grewsome tales of their captivity. The three books in question are the story of "A Hostage in Germany," by M. Desson, a civilian who was incarcerated as a measure of reprisal for alleged French maltreatment of Germans in Morocco; "On the Right of the British Line," by Gilbert Nobbs, an English officer who lost his eyesight in battle and was taken, first to a German hospital and then to an internment camp, and "In German Hands," by Charles Hennebois, a French soldier out of the ranks, severely wounded in the leg, which was amputated by the Germans. He, after long sufferings, finally was exchanged and sent back to his beloved France. These three books tell typical stories because the first describes the treatment the Germans meted out to civilian prisoners, the second tells how captive officers are taken care of, and the last narrates the terrible story of a mere private soldier in the hands of his enemies.

Naturally, this matter of the civilian internes interests Americans less because there seem to be only about a hundred or so of their own fellow-countrymen in Germany, and these remained behind, when Mr. Gerard left, largely of

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their own free will. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to note that, on the whole, non-combatant citizens of belligerent countries have received fairly good treatment on the eastern side of the Rhine. M. Desson and his companions apparently had no extreme cruelties to complain of during the period of their detention. They were moved about from place to place in great discomfort, they were put into rather gloomy and probably unhealthful quarters; the food, considering that they were for the most part gentlemen of middle age, was far from what it should have been. But their chief complaint related to the stupid, threatening brutality of manner, rather than deed, which characterized their keepers; the arrogance and overbearing, the insistence on chicanery, refusal to let them communicate with their families, the attempts to feed them on false news of French disasters; in short, the general baiting attitude of the officials. All this is typical of what went on at the great camp at Ruhleben, where more than 5,000 English were detained near Berlin at the war's outbreak. After the initial confusion and indifference, Ambassador Gerard finally managed to force the Germans to put the camp in excellent shape. Towards the autumn of 1916, except for the crowded conditions, it had become fairly livable, and, with the help of food sent from England, the prisoners seemed to be comfortable, though there appears to have remained a bitter hatred of German psychology.

Capt. Nobbs, as soon as it was discovered that he was an officer, even on the battlefield, received every care he could demand. "Hauptmann" proved open sesame wherever he was taken. What a light this lets in on German psychology! Even in misfortune, in death, the due degrees of social distinction are to be punctiliously observed. Poor chaps, privates like Charles Hennebois, however, received an entirely different treatment from that accorded officers. A mere pawn in the game ought to be glad if allowed to live. A private is of different clay from the man who bears a commission. Hennebois, who was a poet in times of peace, a man of the most refined sensibilities, kept a secret diary of his sufferings from day to day. He admits that ill-treatment of private soldiers was not universal. In some hospitals and camps it was commoner than in others. At the first base hospital to which he was taken the head physician proved an unbelievable brute. It is hard to credit the tyrannies, the tortures, this man practiced on his unfortunate victims. The very repetition of Hennebois's narrative would horrify people of the most prosaic, unimaginative minds. And yet, here again, in spite of physical tortures, bad and insufficient food, the chief complaint is of German intellectual tyranny, the sort of Torquemada tactics practiced to convert French patriots into German sympathizers, the absolute lack of a gift for understanding other nations.

The German head doctor of this first hospital desired to conciliate his charges; he flooded them with propagandist newspapers, the eternal *Gazette des Ardennes*, the *Gazette de Lorraine*, etc. He brought in clergymen and professors to prove to these stubborn Frenchmen that they would do better to love the Germans and hate the English. He had the band play medleys of German national tunes to effect the prisoners' emotional conversion. Finally, when after all his kindly efforts the ungrateful creatures still insisted on shouting out the "Marseillaise" at the top of their voices, he acted as his colleagues did in Belgium when the Belgians failed to respond to blandishments: he resorted to unbelievable brutality. Even in the hospitals and camps to which Hennebois was shifted from time to time before his exchange, where the food and care were all that was needful, this impossible propaganda went right on, this eternal argument that "you are beaten; might is right; be sensible and get on the German band wagon, and share the English spoils." French prisoners would have preferred more ill-treatment and less second-hand Nietzscheism. But Americans may comfort themselves with this thought, gathered from these three books, that while there are many cruel and brutal officials in charge of prisoners in the German hospitals and camps, at the same time there are also many humane ones. The garbled Nietzsche, doled out with the rations, they can afford to listen to, in view of their reputed sense of humor. The thousands of Germans in this country, moreover, constitute an excellent guarantee for the good treatment of any Americans taken prisoner.

Defects of the Primary

TO Philadelphia, on the morning after, her primary looked thus:

". . . the primary election, generally described as a 'farce,' and in the case of the Fifth Ward as a tragedy. . . ." A special policeman killed, an Assistant District Attorney and a candidate for nomination for Select Council both severely beaten by imported gunmen, voters terrorized by the sudden turning of a battle of ballots into one of bullets, the fracas occurring almost within the shadow of Independence Hall—these are not cheering features of democracy in the "most American" of our cities in the one hundred and twenty-ninth year of our national existence. Nor is there much comfort in the reflection that somebody is evidently vastly interested in primaries! The politicians have always been interested in them. The most conspicuous distinction between a politician and a mere citizen used to be that the citizen had no taste for a primary, more especially if he had ever gone to one. The goal aimed at, accordingly, by dreamers of better days was to overcome this indifference. Train the voters to go to the primary, they urged, and the war for good government was won. The argument was strengthened by the manifest reluctance of the politicians to welcome their appearance at such occasions.

This reluctance is easy to understand. To the politician, the primary was either a preliminary battle-ground, where he fought out his differences with the foes of his own household and so in the end presented a united front to the similarly united enemy in the opposite camp, or it was a place for giving the favored members of the organization that official standing as candidates which the innocent voter of the party accepted as sufficient evidence of their qualifications for public office. The voter went to the primary with a very different intention. He desired to help nominate candidates who would serve him first and the politicians afterward. So far has he carried this idea that he may now go to a primary, as Republicans went to their primary in New York city last week, in order to vote for a candidate who is not of their party at all! This, by the ethics of the men who formerly looked upon primaries as virtually their private property, is scandalous. All that they ask is to be let alone while they get things ready for the general election. In Philadelphia they are wont to be let alone. This latest bloody clash was due, not to an attempt by high-minded citizens to exercise their right of saying whom they preferred to see

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on their party ticket, but solely to the determination of the two Republican factions in Philadelphia to rule or ruin.

A good old-fashioned primary was Philadelphia's, with excitement nowhere except in wards where Penrose and the Vares were unable to agree. New York's primary was of the newer pattern. Voters did not go to the polls in anything like the numbers in which they will go in November, but the contests that were watched with general interest were those between men who put good government above party, and men who put party first. Now, if these contests had been intra-party, if they had been between narrow and broad-minded Republicans in one camp, and similarly divided Democrats in the other, the primary would have presented no particular difficulties as an instrument of government. The difference between the view taken of it by the politician and that taken by the citizen would have remained; but the count of the ballots would have settled the score between them for the time. The only drawback to the primary in this use of it is the lack of interest in it by the voter, and a method can hardly be blamed because people fail to take advantage of it.

Where the primary falls short is in its assumption that all citizens will vote as members of national parties. It would be hard to name a more anomalous political phenomenon than that men elected without regard to party, by voters of all parties and of none, should have to be renominated as members of parties, or by petition. It is not a condition peculiar to New York. For two decades Chicago has been electing Aldermen according to their records and promises upon local matters, and yet the bulk of them are nominated and elected as Republicans or Democrats. The Municipal Voters' League puts an independent in the field only in wards in which none of the party candidates can be recommended to the voters. In Aldermanic elections in Chicago the terms "Republican" and "Democrat" mean nothing. The ordinary voter has made of the primary a contest between citizens rather than one between politicians. But he suffers from the same handicap that hampers the voter in New York. The Republican who intends to vote for a certain Democrat provided the latter is nominated must sit idly by while Democrats decide whether he shall run or not without resorting to a petition. The situation in New York is even stranger. Thousands of men who are Democrats in national politics actually saw the question of whether the Democrat for whom they intend to vote for Mayor was to be nominated without petition left to the decision of enrolled Republicans. Chicago is endeavoring to find a way out of the anomaly by eliminating national parties in city elections. In New York how would voters register for such elections? As Fusionists and anti-Fusionists? The difficulty is that the separation of national and local elections is only half-complete. It should be made absolute.

The Tramp Triumphant

NOT, of course, a hobo, but the tramp of the seas. It is the despised, battered, dingy, unpainted, two-masted, single smoke-stacked wanderer of the ocean that you have seen skulking round a dock in Bayonne or trying for a berth in South Brooklyn, as if quite aware that the Hudson piers were reserved for the liners that are ladies. It was for the tramps to hide wherever the charges were cheapest. They were the drudges of the seas, the slaveys, content with just enough to keep body and soul together until the day of foundering. All have seen these craft lurching into their first big swell off Sandy Hook. Their every aspect told of the bad company they had been keeping. They had saved no money for paint or varnish or polish. Their charters were hard won, their margin of profit too small for luxuries or even decent upkeep, and so they rolled their way into the setting sun, raggle-taggle gypsies of the oceans. Every one who looked at them from the deck of a passenger steamer did so with contempt or pity.

Presto, the war came, and the whole sneering world awoke to the fact that the tramps were more necessary than the liners. It appeared that the big boats did not, after all, carry the bulk of the world's trade, and that the down-at-the-heel tramp played a big part in the universe. The tonnage of a liner loomed large in the U-boat sinkings, but when you came to figure in two or three tramps, and remembered that nearly all the space on a cargo ship goes to cargo, things began to look different. Soon there came across the water the news that English yards were building all the tramps they could possibly turn out. The day when the English, and, later, Americans, saw that this war was a race between the men who sink ships and the men who build them, that day the ocean tramp came into its own. Now Governments bow down to the tramp, and vow that their hopes of victory depend upon ships that were thought fit for no decent society on any of the seven seas!

Billions are being poured out for tramps; the whole world is at their feet. Greatest triumph of all, the proud liner is seldom seen on the stocks. Yet it is no mean craft that is now turned out for tramping from port to port. Machine shops by the hundred will build the sea-roamers, in parts, by the thousand. They will literally be made by the mile and sold or rented by the foot—standardizing, it is called. There will be donkey engines and the latest steam steering-gear and big steel derricks, the most up-to-date engines, and, for the crews, quarters fit for princes. Speed they are to have, too, for neither eight nor ten knots will suffice; they must have sixteen to enter the zone of hidden death, however they may loiter outside it. As for officers, they are to be graduates of schools—schools ashore, if you please—and not graduates of the forecastle, men who fought their way up from before the mast by the might of their hairy fists. It is even rumored that these new mates and skippers are to wear uniforms like the dandies on the bridges that look down upon a thousand passengers at play.

Already one sees the change in the fleets of tramps. There is paint and lots of it, since a ship can earn her value in a couple of trips to Europe and back. Then there are the national colors painted fore and aft, and the name of the ship and her country amidships. Already some of the foreigners, that sway idly at their anchors awaiting the lifting of the embargo, show bridges like a small liner and cranes and derricks to suggest a navy collier. As for their lifeboats, here you see the effect of the submarine; they are neat, clean, tripled in numbers, ready for launching by the latest safety davits. Gone is the day when they hung dirty, ill-kempt, with a couple of broken oars, an old shoe as a bailer, and the plug invariably missing when the need was crucial. Altogether the tramp now looks like a man who pulls himself together and spruces up as the world begins to have a higher opinion of him than it had before.

People are now saying that nothing is too good for the tramp. Tramps mean more to us than barges or liners or rails from ocean to ocean. They can deliver goods faster than the Trans-Siberian can handle them. If the tramp is

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wanting, no wool or grain leaves Australia, and the treasures of the Orient lie upon the wharves. Even if the question of feeding the world were not involved, we should not forget the heroism of the officers and crews of the tramps. They go on their way usually unarmed and without convoy and zigzag through the submarine zone as if they did not know of hundreds of their mates lying in sea graves. They face the German pirates as bravely as the men in the trenches. If torpedoed once, they go to sea again. They steer a true course even if they see consorts sunk to port and starboard. No medals theirs, no V.C.'s, and mighty little extra pay. Still they sail, calmly awaiting their turn to see the white streak of the torpedo on the water.

Hjalmar Branting: Scandinavia's Man of the Hour

IT is the good fortune of Sweden in her present international difficulties, that the autumn elections, just completed, have brought into the foreground the personality of Hjalmar Branting, leader of the Social-Democratic party, whose pro-Entente sympathies England and France have had occasion to appreciate since the beginning of the war. Branting's activities in making ready for the Stockholm Socialist Congress, now postponed indefinitely, are, naturally, well known, and he did not escape severe criticism from several points of view. But the absolute integrity of this Swedish political leader is a fact so well established that in all countries not in sympathy with the policies of the Central Powers, his scathing arraignment of the underground methods employed by German diplomatic representatives in Argentina, and the laxity of the Swedish Foreign Office in permitting itself to be used for nefarious purposes, has been accepted as proof positive that the Swedish people as a whole are guiltless.

As the editor of the powerful *Social-Demokraten,* published in Stockholm, Hjalmar Branting has not failed to denounce German villany, and especially the ruthlessness of the U-boats. It would cause no surprise were Branting asked to form a Cabinet based on complete popular representation, for at this writing the defeat of the Conservative party is established.

When Arthur Henderson, until recently labor's representative in the British Cabinet, brought his influence to bear in favor of England sending delegates to the proposed Stockholm conference, his action was owing almost entirely to an implicit confidence in Hjalmar Branting, who specifically stated that the gathering of International Socialists would be purely consultive, and that nothing would be done which could in any way be interpreted as favoring the Central Powers. Branting makes no secret of his ardent desire that peace may be restored at the earliest possible moment; but not a peace at any price. His position on the score of Germany violating Belgium's neutrality he stated recently by declaring: "From the beginning of the war everything should have gone to make us strongly German in our sympathies, for we have always had the best and friendliest relations with the German party members and the German trade unions who, after our great strike in 1909, subscribed generously to our funds, which were largely ignored by the other countries. But what changed our attitude was the fate of Belgium, a deed which impressed itself strongly on the masses in Sweden. The infringing of Belgian neutrality completely altered our outlook."

As for Branting's opinion on indiscriminate submarine attacks, the following editorial from the *Social-Demokraten* is explicit:

> The outrages which, at the command of those still ruling in Germany, have been committed against our ships and crews on the open sea, while on their way home to their neutral land with indispensable foodstuffs, are expressions of a state of mind not only irreconcilable with Swedish and neutral interests in general, but a crime against humanity in its progress towards an improved civilization. Until this spirit is definitely conquered all mankind will live under the pressure of a threatening return to barbarism. And this tendency is doubly dangerous because it draws upon and rules over all the resources of the highest technical skill and science.
>
> To destroy this spirit is the great task of this world-war. The Allied democracies combat this evil with weapons in their hands. In our conception of this brutality we neutrals must stand just as fearlessly and firm in our opposition to this unmitigated militarism. But it is our great hope that the German people themselves will firmly realize where they belong in this struggle, and make the decisive move for a lasting peace. This will take place on the day that the German nation takes an active part in the battle of mankind against the only remaining support of militarism and autocratic rule, the common enemies of all the world.

In what way does Hjalmar Branting's political creed differ from President Wilson's declaration that the world must be made safe for democracy? The sentiments are almost identical. The Swedish political leader and the President of the United States stand on solid ground where they can join their countries by a common bond. Whatever the Administration may do to weed out international intrigue, there has never been a thought on the part of President Wilson and his official family of connecting the people of Sweden with mistakes for which they should not be held responsible.

Branting owes much of his success to his vigorous personality. The son of one of Sweden's prominent professors, he received the best possible academic training. He attended the university at Upsala at the same time as Gustaf V, the present King of Sweden. But as he was about to enter on a most promising career as mathematician and astronomer the great radical movement of the eighties caught the young graduate with an irresistible force. Socialism at that time had begun to gain a foothold in Sweden, but its crude form needed the skilled hand of some specially equipped individual to make it adaptable to the demands of the hour. Branting was that man. He worked with might and main both as organizer and as agitator. He proved himself to be a writer of great promise. Few orators in Sweden are his equal, which is saying much in a country of born orators. An intimate describes him as follows: "Branting's eloquence is of a peculiar, persuasive character and, while popular to a degree, possesses style vastly above the ordinary. His weapon is the rapier, not the bludgeon, and a very sharp and pointed rapier at that. His singularly melodious voice commands the entire register, from velvet softness to the ringing of burnished steel. When occasion demands there is such power in his speech that every word reaches to the farthest end of his audiences."

On Branting's numerous visits to London during the war he has never made a secret of his pro-Ally sentiments. Thoroughly Scandinavian in his solid build and eyes of peculiar Swedish gray, on these tours to England he always impressed those who met him with his abounding

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faith in human nature, despite the horrors of the war. Branting's fifty-seven years sit lightly on his shoulders. He is a man of a most remarkable vitality, and no task is too great for him so long as he sees a definite purpose ahead of him. It is this characteristic which places Hjalmar Branting in the front rank of statesmen. As a member of the Swedish Parliament it is unquestionably owing to his personality that the Social-Democratic following now comes near to being the preponderating weight in the country's political affairs. Branting is the best possible guarantee that the Allies may look with confidence upon Sweden, no matter what Germany may do to embarrass neutrals.

JULIUS MORITZEN

England's Mighty Effort

THERE can be little doubt that a good many Americans who have visited the Allied countries during the war have carried with them on their travels a distinct prejudice, conscious or unconscious, to England and the English. One of the curious phenomena of the war is the fact that while, in this country, the best public opinion has from the beginning been predominantly on the side of the Allies, popular enthusiasm for France has not been matched by anything even distantly resembling enthusiasm for Great Britain; and that not a few of those who have been most outspoken in their condemnation of Germany have been reluctant to speak of England in terms of more than extremely moderate praise. It is as though we had found ourselves, by the logic of circumstances and against our will, compelled to assist, materially and morally, and now to walk side by side with a nation whose friendship we could not regard as disinterested, whose methods we resented, and whose aims we frankly distrusted. What Americans have thought of England as they crossed the Atlantic has been, of course, only the reflection of that which they thought, or imagined they thought, before they left home; and with not a few the impression of disfavor has remained, and they have returned, not perhaps to criticise openly or severely, but nevertheless to continue to impress, by implication or silence, an apparently ingrained feeling of distrust. It may well be doubted if the German propaganda which long afflicted us, and which has not yet ceased to show its head, would have attained anything like the proportions which it did attain had German agents not realized that large numbers of Americans of all classes did not like England and were not indisposed to see its prestige dimmed.

I was struck, during the weeks which I spent in England, by the large number of Englishmen who themselves frankly recognized as a fact the condition which has just been stated. From high Government officials to clergy, lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers, business men, and wage-earners, and among women as well as men, it was pretty generally admitted that England and its people were not popular in the United States. Whatever the expressions of individual Americans might be, whether an inspiring address by the American Ambassador, or a friendly editorial in a newspaper, or the cordial thanks of wandering observers grateful for the hospitality everywhere extended to them, the conviction was not dispelled that these things were the exception rather than the rule, and that among the masses of America there was little fundamental friendliness. Oddly, too, I never heard the admission of the fact coupled with expressions of surprise or resentment. The coldness of America was taken as, in a way, a particular illustration, albeit a great and regrettable one, of the generally conceded fact that Englishmen are not exactly popular anywhere.

Once I had become cognizant of how the matter stood, I was interested to discover, if possible, the cause. Of the various explanations offered, some impressed me as of relatively slight importance, and none was entirely convincing. One Englishman long resident in the United States, and a professor during part of that time in a university whose name is well known abroad, ascribed the unpopularity of England in America chiefly to the influence of American school histories, which still, he declared, dealt severely with the conduct of George III and Lord North and with the policy of England in the War of 1812 and the Civil War. I could not but think that the speaker, however sincere his opinion, was harking back to a type of textbook which has all but disappeared from American public schools, and that he could hardly have remembered that the teaching of American history in our upper schools, whatever its shortcomings in other respects, has for at least twenty years been entrusted increasingly to graduates of colleges and universities, in none of which, so far as I am aware, is such one-sided emphasis upon our historical relations with England tolerated. Another English scholar, speaking at an informal conference at which the matter of Anglo-American relations was discussed, ventured the opinion that before America would be likely to feel much confidence in the democratic intentions of England, England would have to mend its ways in India; but I find it hard to convince myself that British rule in India, wise or foolish as it may be in the eyes of competent judges, has ever been a matter of much concern either way to the people of the United States.

Two other explanations, vouchsafed in many quarters, appeared more weighty. The first is Ireland. Not only, it was urged, is the continually disturbed state of Ireland, whatever the cause, and the denial of independence, regarded in the United States as a blot upon the wisdom and sincerity of the British Government, but the systematic agitation of the Irish question in America, joined to the financial support of the Irish propaganda which has been drawn from the United States, has firmly implanted in the American mind a profound feeling of aversion, if not of positive enmity, for most things English. One cannot doubt that Ireland is unhappy, or that its grievances have been industriously nursed and exploited by Irishmen, clerical and lay, in this country. Nevertheless, even leaving entirely out of account the important consideration that, short of complete political separation, it is Ireland and not England that has been most unwilling to concede, it is at least an open question whether the Irish issue so far dominates American political thought as to determine the fundamental attitude of Americans in general towards England, especially at this time. Great numbers of Americans, I am confident, rarely think of Ireland at all, and not all who do on occasion think of it approve the programme that many Irish agitators appear to stand for.

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The other explanation has to do with certain conduct of the British Government during the war: the interference with American neutral trade, the censorship of American mail, the blacklisting of American business houses. I have never found an intelligent Englishman who did not frankly admit that such practices, however necessary for the protection of British interests or safety, must be exceedingly irritating to neutrals. If to these infractions of international comity be added the rigorous repression of pacifists who at this distance seemed harmless, the erratic censorship of war news, together with the time-honored denunciation of England as a "land-grabber," the indictment upon public grounds certainly leaves little that is disagreeable to be added.

Weighing these various allegations, and testing them by the views of Englishmen who had not, as well as those who had, visited the United States, it is still not clear to me that they constitute, either singly or collectively, a wholly satisfactory explanation of an undoubted phenomenon. To historical causes, recent or remote, of misunderstanding between the two countries must be added, I think, as of at least equal influence, a vague jealousy of Great Britain as a Power which counts for very much more in world business and world politics than the United States has hitherto counted, an ill-concealed democratic contempt for a society popularly supposed to set much store by titles and class distinctions, and most of all, a pervading ignorance of what English people are really like. For every American who visits England, or who comes to know England well if he does visit it, some hundreds of thousands stay at home. For every American who reads a representative English book, many times that number read nothing at all. For every American voter who knows how England is governed great masses have only vague notions about their own political system. We have, in short, the spectacle of two great peoples who speak the same language, live under the same general system of law, and enjoy similar traditions of freedom and culture, who do not yet know each other, and where ignorance prevails there prevail also misunderstanding, recrimination, and hostile feelings.

It is to the credit of England that, frankly as it has recognized and deeply as it has regretted the lack of cordiality in American public opinion, it has studiously refrained from anything that could be construed as a deliberate attempt to close the chasm. It has not ostentatiously sought the friendship of the United States, or intrigued for favor in the devious ways known to diplomacy. Through Sir Gilbert Parker and others it has sent a good deal of useful and informing war literature to this country, but it has avoided newspaper propaganda on this side of the Atlantic. It has smoothed in many ways the path of every correspondent or writer who has gone to England with a legitimate purpose, but it has not suggested to him how or what he should write. Neither publicly nor privately has it lavished social attentions upon American visitors; and the few English scholars or writers who, from time to time, have visited the United States during the war have been, for the most part, persons who, like Prof. Gilbert Murray, would have been welcomed at any time for their own sake quite apart from the circumstances of their coming. It has neither concealed nor apologized for its lack of initial preparation for war, or the hesitation and ineffectiveness with which it has from time to time attacked some of its war problems. Not until the coming of the Balfour mission, after the United States had itself entered the war, was an official attempt made to lay the English case fully before either the American Government or the American people. Americans were left to realize for themselves, by their own observation and reflection, if they would, the greatness of England in the war.

How great that greatness is, how deep and substantial are the foundations on which it rests, cannot but be borne in upon any one who, with open mind, views attentively the England of to-day. The story of the tremendous task which the coping with Germany has laid upon England, and of the far-reaching transformation of English society which the performance of that task has already brought about, cannot be set forth in detail here. But the historian who, in time to come, shall essay to tell the story in its fulness will fail if he does not point out how England, in the gravest moment of all its long history, faced the imminent possibility of defeat. There came to England, rich, powerful, confident, a day when the German plans seemed near to consummation; when the Empire, and all that the Empire stood for, was imperilled; and the soul of England entered the valley of dread. It was a solemn hour, not only for England, but for the world; but it was out of that searching experience, traversing the shadows until the path was once more plain, that the greatness of the new England was born.

Condensed to a phrase, the characteristic of the new England is collective effort. Of effort, as such, there had been no great lack from the moment the war began; but it was in the main individual effort. The numberless small businesses which had long been the peculiar characteristic of English industrial organization, workmen in their several trades and labor unions in their several spheres, had turned to and were speeding up production along the accustomed lines. The army and navy had been recruited by voluntary enlistment, and taxes had been laid on for the supposed needs of a brief and uncertain future. Every man who thought he could render service to the national cause had had, in general, a chance to render it in such way as he might choose. Individualism, in short, did its best. But individualism failed. There was prodigious activity, but without effective coöperation. Only when the possibility of defeat stared it in the face did England see that only by working collectively as one organized community, and not by any amount of individual effort of the old sort, could it hope to win the war. Then sacred traditions and ancient customs began to go by the board. Antiquated machinery and outgrown methods were scrapped, and improved ones installed. Workingmen accepted longer hours and fewer holidays; what was more, they were consulted. Increased output was matched by nation-wide saving. Children joined with their parents in practicing economy and "doing their bit." Scholars, teachers, and professional men entered the Government service to take the places of men who had been called to arms, or to meet the demands of multiplying departments and bureaus. The barrier of class, and those which had separated capital and labor, yielded to the call for national coöperation. On every hand was to be seen an ancient society, hitherto accepting complacently the easy theory of *laissez faire*, transforming itself into a socialized state moved by a common purpose and working for a common end.

With the ground thus prepared, the wide extension of Government control of industry and social habits followed naturally. It was, indeed, inevitable that, with the independence of England at stake, every agency of production and every social activity at all closely related to the prose-

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cution of the war should more and more pass under Government control. The joint administration of railways and shipping, the taking over of mines, breweries, flour-mills, and factories of various kinds, was paralleled by the establishment of huge Government munition plants, the regulation of wages and prices, the encouragement of agriculture by wage subsidies, the control of markets and food consumption, the all but confiscatory taxation of profits, the inauguration of vast schemes for recruiting, housing, and protecting industrial laborers, and military conscription. With only sporadic and negligible expressions of hesitation or dissent, awakened England passed, almost before it knew it, under a régime of collectivism more comprehensive, practical, and satisfying than the most convinced advocates of state Socialism had ever seriously hoped to see. For party control was substituted personal leadership; in place of denunciation of governmental interference one heard the demand for wider and more vigorous governmental control. Even the vast and knotty problem of Imperial organization, alike the troubled dream of statesmen and the football of politicians, became, under the Imperial Conference and the War Cabinet, a hopefully realizable part of the socializing programme.

Of the almost innumerable changes in the spirit and form of English society which collectivism has wrought, not even the barest list must be ventured here. One, however, perhaps the most far-reaching of all in its revolutionary possibilities, may not be passed over. I mean the new status of women. What the "new freedom" of widened participation in industry and affairs has meant to the women of England can be adequately realized only by recalling the constriction and subordination which everywhere encompassed the daily life of women under the old régime. The greatness of the change is in part to be measured by the questions which are being increasingly asked about the future. Will there be a quiet and unprotesting return to the old conditions when the war ends? For some, yes; for the overwhelming majority, never. In no large numbers will the women who have found in the necessities of war the opportunity of independent livelihood cease to demand the same opportunity after the war; nor will they long continue to accept, in peace or war, the discriminations of lower wages or restricted personal freedom which are still, to an appreciable extent, imposed upon them. They will not marry to be supported; they will not have children unless they so choose. With the attainment of the suffrage now practically assured, and of economic and social equality a certainty of the near future, there will doubtless be many who will care less for family life or who will insist upon freer divorce; and they will almost certainly cease to be, what they have for some time been, the mainstay of the Protestant churches. I make no comment here upon these predictions, which one hears everywhere in England, save to say that surprisingly few persons there appear to look with fear or regret upon the outcome, or regard the change as other than natural and desirable. When England, with its hitherto invincible cult of masculine superiority, accepts women as the equals of men, it mines the last stronghold of the old order; yet collectivist England is to-day thus liberating a full half of its citizens.

It is characteristic of the English temper that a democratic revolution which in Germany bids fair to be stoutly resisted by Government, and which in Russia has thus far spelled little more than a turbid mixture of anarchy and autocracy, should in England have progressed without violence, and should have been accepted by all classes as both necessary and wholesome. Nor has there yet appeared any disposition to abandon the devotion to justice and fair play which, with English people everywhere, has long been recognized as a national trait. The German air raids upon unfortified communities, the sinking of unarmed passenger steamers, the bombing of hospitals, and the brutal treatment of prisoners of war, deeply as they have stirred the English sense of decency and right, have nowhere awakened any general demand for reprisals; and not even the prospective rigors of such hostile economic programmes as that of the Paris Conference have been urged on any other important ground than that of necessary defence. The principles of personal freedom and of legal protection for life and property, which for centuries have been the essence of English law, have not been weakened; on the contrary, they have been both strengthened and amplified as England, realizing itself more and more as a collective Power, has found new liberty in the pursuit of a common good.

It is these social transformations within the state, rather than zeal or success in prosecuting the war, that best exhibit England's advance in insight and outlook. The stubborn resistance to German onslaughts, the mobilization of troops in the scattered colonies as well as at home, the unshaken grip of the fleet, the cheerful assumption of unparalleled debt for the benefit of its allies as well as for itself, are all of them national performances for which no praise is likely to be too high. But they are, nevertheless, only the repetition on a huge scale of the kind of thing that England has done before; the kind of thing that England has been, on the whole, generally expected to do in times of stress. It is the sustaining spirit that is new. England has often exerted itself greatly, but never with the consciousness of social solidarity, the merging of individual preference or ambition in a new conception of the state and its functions, which now distinguishes it.

More, even, than the United States is England now a democracy, not merely because economic and social life have been democratized, but also because, notwithstanding unprecedented centralization, the people may still change their rulers when they please, and not, as with us, only at fixed chronological intervals. Into the great stream of democratic effort flow, moreover, all the tributary rivers of loyalty from British colonies and dependencies throughout the world. To have thus relaid, on deeper and broader lines, the economic foundations of the state, to have drawn closer the devotion of all save an insignificant proportion of those who anywhere own the British name, and in the face of fierce provocation to have kept its mind from hate, while at the same time perfecting its efficiency in war and turning a possibility of disaster into an assurance of ultimate success, is the master political feat thus far of the twentieth century. The new structure is not complete, nor the whole scheme of decoration and furnishing determined; there will be changes of detail and even of plan; but the work of building goes on. Moreover, whatever selfish ambitions may from time to time distract it, whatever material gains the fortunes of war may bring to it, the broad aim of the new England is a free world for free peoples. Herein, at least, for Great Britain and the United States, is to be found the essential basis for that alliance of spirit and purpose which, whether embodied in legal documents or not, would, once its existence were perceived, become the determining political influence in the modern world.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Correspondence

THE SCHELDT AND U-BOATS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 14 Rear-Admiral Goodrich writes that "Antwerp is generally supposed to be a German submarine base and the Scheldt habitually used for the passage of such boats to and from the North Sea, in violation of the neutrality of Dutch waters."

I feel bound to state that not the slightest evidence of this supposition has ever arisen in Holland, nor, may I add, has a similar suggestion up to this moment appeared in any of the foreign newspapers that have come under our eyes. This is the first time that we have seen it mentioned. If it were or had been well founded, I trust that the Dutch Government would long since have taken prompt measures against this most unpopular abuse of our territorial river. As a matter of fact, the mouth and canal of the Scheldt have since the beginning of the war been blocked by Dutch mines, and I do not think the safe and unnoticed passing of any German U-boat from Antwerp would even be possible. I shall feel obliged if you will publish this comment on Admiral Goodrich's statement, in order to prevent the American public from fostering unjust opinions on the vigilance of Holland, opinions which I for one would highly regret.

The Germans seem to have found a submarine base which fully serves their ends at Zeebrugge on the Belgian coast—a port that can be entered directly from the North Sea.

DR. J. A. VAN HAMEL,
Member of the Second Chamber of the States General

Amsterdam, July 24

MR. WARNER FITE ON "FREE SPEECH AND DEMOCRACY"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the disadvantages of magazine controversy is that the critique and the argument criticised can seldom come before the public at the same time. Hence a writer by tremendously emphasizing some quite obvious and acknowledged truth may convey either that his opponent has denied it or that he has shown himself so unaware of its import that it must be restated to him with a fresh insistence. Few readers will take the trouble to verify the justice of this by turning back to the article concerned.

Mr. Warner Fite in exposing my misapprehension about the value of free speech dwells upon the "vital and fundamental" character of this privilege for democracy. He explains that when an issue is before the people both sides must always be heard. He bursts into invective against the stifling of discussion as "false to the fundamentals of righteousness." And he apologizes for pressing so elementary a point on the ground that "Mr. Stewart affects to regard free speech as a mere detail of social order." Referring to my views as expressed in the *Nation* of August 30, he calmly writes this: "Regulation of speech, I suppose he would say, is a question of the same order as the regulation of the exhaust of a motor car."

In justice to myself I must ask you to reproduce a few lines from what I actually said, that your readers may judge how far Mr. Fite's remarks are fair comment:

> There is a certain sense in which this right is more sacred than others and more deserving of zealous guardianship by a nation that governs itself. . . . Free speech is good, because only thus can the collective wisdom be fully brought to bear. Minorities have again and again turned out to have been in the right. Stray voices that were not listened to at the time, voices that were drowned in a chorus of obloquy, have afterwards proved to have been the only voices of intelligence. Hence it behooves a free people to give the largest possible latitude to discussion. Only thus can it be sure that a problem has been looked upon from every side. Special care should be taken to protect and encourage those whose opinions are for the moment unpalatable to us. . . .

The real difference between my critic and myself is that, while recognizing the enormous importance of free speech in normal times, I have tried to indicate limits which may be set to it when a nation is struggling for its life. Otherwise our advocacy of freedom will end, as Mr. Fite's has done, in something like burlesque. Your correspondent plainly belongs to that well-known type of controversialist whose trump card is to ask his opponents where they mean to "draw the line." He wants to know whether all criticism of a Government's war policy is treason. If he asks where I mean to stop I reply by asking where he means to stop. What degree of social disorganization and national enfeeblement does he think it necessary to allow in order that the sanctity of free speech may be protected? He will have no limitation of speech in time of war "beyond the ordinary limitations of peace time." Otherwise, he tells us, democracy would be "betrayed." When the British War Office covered the walls of London with placards calling for the first million of Kitchener's army, would it have been tyrannical to object if Mr. Bertrand Russell had chosen to stand by a recruiting station and dissuade men from entering to enlist? When the Allied troops were suffering fearful havoc for want of high explosives, and the munition factories needed men and women to work day and night for their relief, would some apostle of "democratic" labor have been within his rights in urging every one to stick to his previous job? Would that power of trade-union combination, which is used so freely in time of peace, have been equally legitimate if in time of war it had organized a strike on the Clyde to prevent an increased output of ships? Or can we say that it is proper for one man to incite to a course which it would be criminal for other men to adopt? There was no law requiring men to remain in the shipyards, any more than there was a law compelling subscriptions to the Liberty Loan.

Those who have the Allied interests in charge take, fortunately, a different view on this subject from that of Mr. Warner Fite. Mr. Lloyd George spoke in unmistakable terms to the labor leaders. The United State Postmaster-General—about whose action I know nothing except what your correspondent has mentioned with a note of disapproval—appears to have shown very sound sense. He did not see the consistency of sending American youths to pour out their blood in the war for civilization, and at the same time permitting the mails to circulate a newspaper in which those at home were advised to withhold the needful money for giving these brave soldiers weapons to defend themselves. But whether in this special case the Postmaster-General was right or wrong is irrelevant to the point at issue. I repeat that, while free speech is among our dearest possessions, national life is dearer still, that a war may be of such gravity and of such unchallengeable justice as to make this no less than other liberties a fit field for Government interference, and that in any particular instance

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a decision may have to be taken as to whether the conditions for such interference are present. It may be decided improperly. The affair may be judged one for restraint when it is not genuinely so. But Mr. Warner Fite, if I understand him, denies that a position calling for such exceptional control can *ever* arise, and here I dissent radically. I believe that it has arisen now, and I am sure that it quite possibly *may* arise. The values in jeopardy may well be so overwhelming that other values cease to count. And the Executive, reinforced by an all but unanimous public opinion, has a right to decide that the cranks are not only a nuisance but a danger. If the Ministers who call for special powers are unworthy to be trusted with them, let the Ministry be changed. But it is futile to say that in the conduct of a war so surpassingly grave we may wisely keep the Ministers and watch them in every point of their administration. It would mean that policy should eternally vacillate, that we should amid the clash of arms be making up and again and again altering our minds, that, in a word, all the criticisms, from Plato down, upon "ochlocracy" should be justified to the hilt. It is agreed that an unexampled storm is raging. And there is wisdom in the old rule of the sea "Don't speak to the man at the wheel."

Your correspondent's method of waging all wars by free debate has been tried within the last few dreadful weeks in Russia. No doubt the new-fledged democrats there speak much of the rights of a citizen soldiery. No doubt they can construct a plausible argument that men in uniform even more than civilians should have a voice, and could use it with judgment, where it is their own lives that are at stake. Premier Kerensky is struggling hard to see the daylight of common-sense amid this strife of tongues, while the German staff, we may be sure, would rejoice to see such unqualified "democracy" reaching in Petrograd the full fruition of its hopes. But the United States Executive does not act upon this creed of the doctrinaire. God help any nation that did so, unless in this world crisis it chanced to have allies who would bear the brunt of its fighting, and were not quite so fatuously democratic.

HERBERT L. STEWART

Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, September 15

"CHRISTINE"—FACT OR FICTION?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many of the letters in "Christine" were written after the first of August, 1914. It happens that from that time on in Germany censorship regulations as to letters were exceedingly strict. No letter was allowed to go out of Germany written in any language *except* German, and no letter written in German was allowed to be sent which contained *any* reference to the war. I speak from personal experience in the matter, because, during the first week of the war, I had letters returned to me from the post office, because I had not obeyed these two explicit directions. Now, these letters of Christine's from the first of August on never went through the German mails!

There is other internal evidence in the letters which makes me certain that they have been written since the war; for instance, Christine, early in the letters, confesses to a very slight knowledge of the German language. If she practiced eight hours a day, or anything like it, she had no time to study German with enough thoroughness to understand and follow the intricate discussions of "Weltpolitik" which went on in her pension. Also, it seems to me highly improbable that, with the very strict class-and-income regulations that govern the marriage of German army officers, Bernd should ever have obtained leave to marry a woman who was entering on a concert (*i. e.*, stage) career.

If these observations serve in any way to throw a light on the discussion as to whether these letters are what they purport to be, I shall be very glad!

MILDRED SELFRIDGE

Boston, September 14

CONCERNING THE AUTHORSHIP OF "CHRISTINE"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concerning the much-discussed authorship of the war story of the hour, "Christine," I believe it can be conclusively demonstrated that the real name of the author of the alleged "Letters" is, not "Alice Cholmondeley," but the former Countess von Arnim, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "Elizabeth in Rügen," "A Solitary Summer," etc.

Any one familiar with the peculiar style of these books cannot fail to note the close similarity of literary method which exists between "Christine" and the Elizabeth stories —notably the long and involved, yet witty, sentences, and the biting presentation of the "Junkerism" of North Prussia, with the constant "hits" at Prussian self-sufficiency and military arrogance.

Again, the scene of the Elizabeth stories as well as of "Christine" is in Berlin and northern Prussia—always along the waters of the Baltic and the North Sea.

To many who, like myself, have spent much time in Germany it is well known that the author of the Elizabeth stories was for fully twenty years the (English) wife of a Prussian officer—a "Junker" of the "Junkers"—the Count von Arnim, who before their marriage had been an Under-Secretary of the German Legation (not yet an Embassy) at Washington. Through her marriage with this man—called in the Elizabeth stories "the Man of Wrath"—the former Mary Beauchamp of England learned of the inside ambitions and political intrigues of Prussian militarism, the results of which she has now so skilfully woven into the alleged "Letters" of the young violinist "Christine"—information which required years of close contact and keen observation to acquire, and which could never have been "picked up" by a young girl of twenty-two during a brief ten weeks in Berlin, and with a limited knowledge of the involved German language! On the contrary, a careful second reading of "Christine" will reveal, between the lines, much more of deep and sinister significance than appears on the first hasty perusal, and the conviction grows that here is the fine hand of *no neophyte*, but of one with intimate inside knowledge of a cruelly calculated military system, which, for reasons best known to herself, the brilliant authoress does not care openly to "mother." Hence the newly assumed *nom de plume* of "Alice Cholmondeley"—a mere blind, chosen perhaps because Cholmondeley, like Beauchamp, is quite unrecognizable as pronounced by the English.

Note also that the publisher of "Christine"—the Macmillan Co., of New York and London—is the publisher of the Elizabeth stories and other works of the same author.

A further word about the authoress herself. Since the beginning of the Great War—apparently weary of her "Man of Wrath"—the former Countess has divorced him and married Lord Russell of England and has for the past

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year been residing in Pasadena, Cal., where she probably wrote the clever "Letters" of "Christine," which are now keeping the literary world guessing.

Having had occasion to do considerable literary detective work in the course of my lecture career, I am willing to stake my reputation as a "guesser" on the prediction that time will prove (and in short time too) that the foregoing is correct. JANET RICHARDS

Washington, D. C., September 12

BOOKS

James J. Hill

The Life of James J. Hill. By Joseph Gilpin Pyle. Authorized. 2 Vols. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

IN the twenty years or so preceding his death, "Wall Street" came to know well by sight the man with the powerful shoulders, bushy-bearded, leonine head under the square-topped "derby" hat, who so often came down Nassau Street with the smooth intoeing stride of the Indian, and crossed over by the Sub-Treasury steps to the "corner." Regular denizens of the district could point out "Jim Hill" to their friends just as they pointed out Mr. Morgan and Mr. Baker and Mr. Schiff. But there was little love lost between "Jim Hill" and "Wall Street." If there was anything that he disliked and despised, it was the "game" of stock speculation, and he took every opportunity to say so in simple Anglo-Saxon of one syllable. Moreover, he had not, as "Wall Street" viewed it, played his game according to Hoyle. He had built a "transcontinental" railway without a subsidy, he had never defaulted on a bond, and he had never changed a dividend rate save to raise it. This was not correct practice. There should have been subsidies, stock bonuses, funding of coupons, bankruptcy—and, above all, speculation, plenty of it; all the others had done it that way. Besides, his figures were all wrong. Twenty years ago everybody knew that a Western railway could not be operated at less than 65 per cent. of gross earnings, and Hill's road had an operating ratio in the fifties. This was nothing but "bookkeeping" on the face of it. Yet it was of no use for one to sell Great Northern "short," for somebody always bought it and one was invariably squeezed. It was not right.

In the later nineties, of course, it all came out, and "Hill methods" applied to the newly reorganized properties were as the touch of the rod of Moses on the rock. The "Street" learned to talk about "trainload" and "train-mile" and "ton-mile costs," just as a few years before it had pattered of "floating debt." "Hill men" were drafted for other systems at princely salaries which they fully earned, and the Great Northern lines became a sort of Mecca whither railway managers travelled to learn their business. And "Jim Hill" kept open house there for all who were willing to come and see and never wearied of expounding his "secrets." Some one asked him once in those days how he had come to discover them. "Why," he said, with an air of surprise, "it was that or go broke! You sell ton-miles; you spend train-miles; the more you sell for what you spend the more you make!" Simple indeed—when you know it! Then came the "Northern Pacific panic" and the tornado of May 9, 1901, and "Wall Street" witnessed the hitherto unprecedented sight of a small group of men standing together "without hitching," holding above price their loyalty to "Jim Hill." By this time the "Street" had, indeed, come to know "Jim Hill" better, but it found him just as little adjustable to its cosmos as ever. He was always doing the unexpected thing—that distribution of "ore certificates," for example. And to the end of the chapter he remained, as it were, refractory ore in the "Street's" furnace, just as the straggling beard, the long hair, and the rough tweed clothes seemed to mark him as not of the "Street" though in it.

The late John La Farge, about a year before his death, once remarked in the hearing of the writer that he had spent that afternoon with Mr. Hill in his New York home "talking pictures." "Does he know pictures?" some one asked. "Well," said Mr. La Farge, "we talked for two hours and he said nothing foolish." Verily an *accolade*, as those who knew La Farge will aver! An associate of Mr. Hill for many years once said of him that his specialty was "knowing everything to four places of decimals." There was one side of the man that was known to a few in New York—he loved to talk to those who could listen and understand and he was a golden talker, no less.

The best time to catch him was of a Saturday afternoon in the bare, most simply furnished offices of the Great Northern in Pine Street. If you were lucky, you would find him sitting alone meditatively smoking before an old-fashioned roll-top, black-walnut desk, usually bare of papers unless, perhaps, a telegram that had just come in. You would get a good clasp of the hand, a pleasant smile, a polite inquiry as to your health, and then there would be a soft chuckle. "Pull up your chair and I'll show you some figures!" Out of a capacious breast-pocket would come a large sheet of statistics which would be spread on the desk. With forefinger roving up and down and across the sheet, in even low tones, he would bring to judgment by Great Northern standards all the great railway systems of America. Train-miles, ton-miles, trainloads, ton-mile revenue, ton-mile costs, and such things would come in a flood as fast as the mind could follow. From time to time he would look up, and a sudden grin would overspread the features—except the eyes—and as swiftly fade again, as the jaws snapped together. "He's a good fellow but he doesn't know!" would be the judgment on one railway manager. "He's learning!" of another, and "He'll never learn!" of a third. Sometimes there would be a swiftly sketched biography of a "coming man" on the Great Northern, and his results exhibited with a sort of parental pride on the monthly sheets. And then there would be the plans for this, that, and the other branch of the line. Figures were always the first course in these Saturday banquets. But presently the sheets were folded up and pocketed, he would lean back in his chair, and the talk would start on its travel. From "railroading"—which he once described feelingly as "the hardest kind of hard work"—to industry, from industry to politics, from politics to history, from history to literature, and all the way back again, from Seattle to Yokohama, from Yokohama to Liverpool, from Liverpool to Bombay, from coal mines in British Columbia to iron ore in Brazil, from China to Peru, with digressions to all points of interest en route, you could go at the mere price of listening. And presently it was five o'clock and time to go; again a handclasp, a pleasant smile which almost seemed to convey thanks for polite attention, and you would go home and, if you were wise, spend the evening making notes of the priceless material gleaned for future reference.

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He dealt in exactitudes and essentials. From exactitudes he never strayed and but seldom from essentials. An anecdote told by the wayside, so to speak, was usually followed by a plunge back into the innermost heart in the subject. It was unwise to question him unless the question bore directly on the matter in hand and was intelligent. Fools, no doubt, he had to suffer at times, but it is certain that he did not suffer them gladly. He would spare no pains or time on one who, he thought, could understand him, and wanted to know. Seemingly, he loved to plant seed in any ground that looked as if it were good, whether he would reap the grain or not.

The reader of Mr. Pyle's biography who did not happen to know Mr. Hill in person will get from its pages an impression that crystallizes easily enough into a picture of an "Empire-Builder," but requires some mental digestion and the help of a good deal of imagination to make it into that of a most human man. "Make it plain and simple and true" were Mr. Hill's instructions to his biographer. "True" it undoubtedly is and it is also "simple" and straightforward—but why did it have to be so "plain"? Could it not have given us at least a few of those intimate irrelevances that make a man live for the reader? It is with something like a gasp of incredulity that, on page 390 of the *second* volume, one finds a double-barrelled limerick of Mr. Hill's composition. There was no warning of this. Now no one suddenly leaps into limericks after a blameless life of nearly 900 pages—*nemo repente fuit turpissimus!* However, Mr. Pyle has made a book that is worth while, so far as it goes. He has contrived to make a clear statement of many abstruse matters connected with the making of the Great Northern Railway, and as a "source-book" his biography will stand. And, upon reflection, it is only fair to admit that to put a man like "Jim Hill" on paper is a task much easier to criticise than to perform. But—could there not have been a few more anecdotes, say, in the appendix?

Newly Discovered Poems of Swinburne

Posthumous Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise. London: William Heinemann.

THIS slim volume contains a number of poetical pieces which were discovered after the death of Swinburne among old papers which he had wrapped up in many bundles, scattered through the rooms he inhabited, each enclosed in an old newspaper. They are of various dates, one as early as 1857, another as late as 1907; and there was nothing to show whether the poet ever meant to publish them. He may even have forgotten the existence of some of the older. Other poems found in these bundles still remain, which Mr. Gosse, the biographer of Swinburne, and Mr. Wise, his co-editor in this volume, hesitate to publish at present, Mr. Gosse mysteriously intimating that they may be too strong for the taste of the public at this moment, but perhaps palatable to it before long, so much more tolerant, or less squeamish, does he think that this public is becoming.

Those which are here published fall into two classes. One set consists of imitations of those Old Border Ballads, dating from the sixteenth century or perhaps, at least in their substance, from a still earlier time, of which Chevy Chase is the most familiar to most of us, though some were collected by Percy in his Reliques, and others by Walter Scott in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Swinburne had a passion for these primitive pieces, with their rude strength and weird suggestions of witchcraft and mysterious crime. They appealed, not only to his poetical taste, which was always true, but also, in parts, to his rather morbid love of the strange and the horrible. His gift for imitation was extraordinary. Mr. Gosse mentions in the Preface to this volume that, when William Morris, the Pre-Raphaelite designer and poet of the "Earthly Paradise," was in his last days planning a complete collection of Old English ballads, one of his friends suggested that Swinburne's aid should be invoked for the work of editing; whereto Morris replied: "Oh no: that would never do. He would be writing in verses that no one would ever be able to tell from the original stuff." These imitations are certainly excellent. If there were only two or three, one might, perhaps, take them in a hasty reading for the original work of some old Scottish or Northumbrian minstrels. But there are eleven; and the manner and recurring epithets and turns of phrase betray a modern hand. The imitation is, if one may say so, almost too good. There is a too evident desire to reproduce, and almost to exaggerate, certain features of antiquity, while at the same time fancies intrude themselves that would not have crossed the old minstrel's mind. It is noticeable that no echoes of Homer are heard, nor any of the Nibelungen Lied. Perhaps Swinburne did not know German: his poems show no trace of any German influence. Homer, of course, he knew, but neither of the Greek epical manner does one find in him anything to correspond to what recurs frequently in Tennyson or in Matthew Arnold's poem, too little appreciated nowadays, of "Sohrab and Rustum." These ballads, take them all in all, are interesting bits of work, and they alone would have made the volume worth publishing.

Of the miscellaneous poems which occupy the rest of the volume, nearly two-thirds of the whole, two or three are parodies, and one—"Pope Celestin and Count Giordano"—is an extremely clever imitation of Robert Browning, not a parody, for there is no exaggeration in it, but a piece of good Browningesque work. Another, a long ode of admiration and homage to Mazzini, is interesting as being one of the earliest bits of Swinburne's work, for internal evidence seems to fix it as having been composed in 1857 when the poet was an undergraduate at Oxford, aged twenty. In it we see his style already forming itself. His idiosyncrasies of expression, his gift of invective, one might call it cursing, his favorite similes have already appeared, and the rhythms are flowing, though neither style nor rhythm has reached the variety and richness of "Atalanta in Calydon," published eight years later. It has also the fatalest of all Swinburne's faults, a profusion which runs into prolixity, a tedious prolixity, for there are not enough ideas to form a basis for the towering edifice of words. One begins to be tired of Mazzini before getting to the end of the alternate deification of the hero and bedevilment of his enemies, and especially of the Austrian Government, which in those days divided with Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the fiery hatred of young English Liberals. Swinburne's fluent facility of expression was perhaps that which, more than any other quality, will reduce the permanent hold of his poetry upon readers in the future. If he could have concentrated into two or three stanzas all that he

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allowed to run to twenty or thirty, we might have admired and remembered the two or three instead of forgetting the twenty. A poem of his (not in this volume) was filled with imprecations of misfortune on a new yacht, called the Livadia, which had just been built for the Czar Alexander III of Russia. Prefixed to this poem, as a motto, was the half line from Milton, "rigged with curses dark." Swinburne's poem runs to some fifty or sixty lines (we forget the exact number), but it really contains nothing more than a string of variations on Milton's half line. A like fault is charged, and is indeed justly chargeable, upon Robert Browning. But with Browning the source of prolixity is to be found not so much in facility of expression as in the exuberance of his ingenuity. He can't be content with seeing the broad features of a scene, but must insist on describing all the details. When he has a striking thought to present he must needs look at the truth from all sorts of angles till we almost forget the truth itself. Swinburne, always profuse, became most so when in an admiring or a denouncing mood. Next to Walter Savage Landor and to Victor Hugo, Mazzini was, in his early days, the chief of his idols, an idol long before he had been seen in the flesh. But one may doubt whether he had any real love, any love of the sort which remains constant and prompts to action, either for freedom or for Italy. May not all this apparently passionate devotion have been merely an affair of the imagination? Swinburne showed through the rest of his life no particular interest either in Italy, which he hardly ever visited, or in liberty. He lived in a world of unrealities much more than did Shelley, with whom it is most natural to compare him. There is no ring of truth and earnestness in his political poems such as one finds in Wordsworth, who had also been a poet of revolution, as we see from what he wrote under the impulse he received from the months he spent in France in the earlier phases of the revolution, before the Terror of 1793. Compare the sonnets of the old Cumbrian poet, used so skilfully by Mr. Dicey in his recent interesting and illuminative book "On the Statesmanship of Wordsworth," with Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise." The latter is as inferior to Wordsworth in earnestness, solidity, and vigor of thought as it is superior in sweetness of rhythm and facile flexibility of phrase. Behind Wordsworth how much of weighty wisdom! Behind Swinburne how little!

Among the shorter of these posthumous pieces there are several of considerable charm, such as "Echo," "Evening by the Sea," and "Æolus"—this last a brilliant study in verse of various manifestations of the power of wind. The ever-changing aspects of the sea and the diverse effects of storm are favorite themes with Swinburne, and he shows himself when he treats them a close observer and faithful painter of nature. He loved the sea, though his Northumbrian home was a good way from it, and the Isle of Wight home of his earlier years showed him only the comparatively tame coast and short chalky-colored waves of the English Channel. He does not seem ever to have taken an ocean voyage, and was indeed very little of a traveller. But the poet's power of vivifying impressions of scenery drawn from books is shown by one of these new poems—an early one—which possesses real merit and is quite unlike most of his compositions, being written in a grave and stately style to which he scarcely returned afterwards. It is on the death of Sir John Franklin, the famous Arctic explorer who perished with his ship and all his party more than sixty years ago. This poem is supposed by the editors of the volume to have been written for the prize offered once a year at Oxford University under the foundation of Sir Roger Newdigate, but the suggestion has very recently been made, and seems probable, that it was produced to compete not for that prize but for another given shortly afterwards by some English admirer of Franklin, and open to be competed for by all the world. What is certain is that, whatever was the occasion, Swinburne's poem here printed did not get the prize. The same thing happened to another poet contemporary with Swinburne, the late Frederic W. H. Myers. His poem was composed for the University prize annually awarded at Cambridge University in England, in or about 1862. The subject proposed was "St. Paul on the Appian Way," and there was a legend at Cambridge that when one of the examiners for the prize was asked, after Myers's poem had been published and its superiority to the successful poem had been universally admitted, why the prize had not been awarded to that by Myers, the examiner replied: "Because there was in it very little about St. Paul and nothing at all about the Appian Way." Oddly enough, though Myers wrote other poems during the earlier part of his life, and some of high excellence, none ever obtained the same popularity or is so well remembered now as this unsuccessful "St. Paul." Swinburne's Sir John Franklin is a fine piece, vivid and solemn in its descriptions of Arctic scenery, impressive in its reflections on the fate of the brave voyager and on the strong features of English character as displayed in his daring and his endurance; though Swinburne cannot have been more than twenty-four when he wrote it—and must indeed have been less if it was written for the Oxford prize—there is in it no sign of immaturity. It is calm, measured, and stately, with comparatively little of the rhetorical quality that marks much of his later work.

The two dramatic fragments included in this volume, viz., "Pope Celestin and Count Giordano," already mentioned, and one entitled "Constance and Frederick," do not present Swinburne's gift for that kind of writing in any different light from his long drama of "Bothwell," or from the earlier and shorter "Chastelard," also devoted to the inexhaustible theme of Queen Mary of Scotland. No one can deny the dramatic power of "Bothwell," but it suffers from that fault of interminable prolixity to which reference has already been made. The speeches are too long, there is much straining, a too frequent recurrence to the same ideas and even the same phrases. Whatever reputation the poet may hereafter retain will belong to him almost wholly in respect of his lyrics, especially those contained in the two volumes entitled "Poems and Ballads" and "Songs Before Sunrise," to which we may perhaps add "Atalanta in Calydon," a drama, but one in which the necessity of following closely his Greek models compelled him to study brevity and compression.

Can we then conjecture what his position will be and for how long those who care for poetry, and for style in general, will continue to read him? Will he have, a century hence, a place such as, nearly a century after their respective deaths, Shelley and Keats hold now? This is hardly to be expected. He produced much more than either of those two great men, and much of it was good, but poets are in the long run judged not by quantity but by the very highest level they reach. Even Shelley's fame is now beginning to rest, at least with the world at large, upon eight or ten

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poems; Keats's perhaps upon even fewer. These are of such excellence, and so individual in their quality, that we may feel sure they will always be read, and that not merely by professional students of literary history, but by all those who have a true poetical taste. The same thing may be said of all the best work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and, despite the present tendency to disparage Tennyson, we believe that the same must be said of much that he has left us. Of Swinburne one can hardly venture to make such a prediction. There is not the same substance in his work, the same consonance of solid thought and fine expression. One feels as if his intellectual range were really limited, and the variety he displays were only a variety of phrase. A good English critic has declared that even his diction is limited, and certainly one feels that the similes, ingeniously and gracefully worded as they are, which he scatters so profusely, were really all made of the same materials, foam and spray and rainbows and stars and dawns, blood and tears and dreams. If he had lived two thousand years ago, and all but a very few of his best poems had been lost, we might have sighed for the loss of the rest almost as modern scholars sigh that so little remains to them of Alcæus or Sappho. With those, or even with less famous poets of antiquity, no one would compare Swinburne, because his abundance has revealed his weakness, yet we may be grateful for the few pieces which really deserve to be remembered, and remember him as one of the masters of English rhythm, who has seldom been surpassed in the variety and music of his versification.

Meals, Money, and Taste

Fight for Food. By Leon A. Congdon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Better Meals for Less Money. By Mary Green. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

Kitchenette Cookery. By Anna Merritt East. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.

The Sense of Taste. By H. L. Hollingworth and A. T. Poffenberger. New York. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

BETTER food at a lower price is a general desideratum. The tendency of the war is to supply inferior food at a higher cost; but there are books which aid us in neutralizing the dietetic and economic disadvantages of the world conflict. Three of them are to be considered briefly in this review. There are pages in Mr. Congdon's book which put us on our guard against the food cheapeners by way of adulteration; and he discourses helpfully about the utilization of so-called waste-products in the home, which generally are thrown out by the careless housewife. It is comforting to read that the canned vegetables and fruits in our markets to-day are seldom adulterated. At the same time, there are loopholes through which those who drug our foods can harm us. One good effect of the war, however, has been to increase the price of benzoate of soda (which is often used to make spoiled material marketable) to such an extent that it hardly pays to use it now. The author, who is chief of the division of food and drugs of the Kansas State Board of Health, has some interesting things to say about the latest and most important problem of the food chemists—the vitamines, the study of which is changing the estimate as to the nutritive value of many foods. It is now known that this value is greatly lessened by the absence of the vitamines; consequently, "it stands to reason that many of the high-temperature processes used in the canning of our foodstuffs will be superseded by more improved processes whereby the vital forces of our food will not be destroyed, since heat used under the present method of canning food destroys those vital principles which have been proved of such value in nutrition." A glimpse of the author's illuminating treatment of the "Fight for Food" question is given in this sentence: "Rice is fairly cheap to the consumer, and it is so because the United States produces only a very small part of the rice grown in the world, and cannot control the price." His pages explaining the various gradings and prices for foods, fresh as well as canned, will interest those to whom gratification of the palate is as important as the desire to economize.

We may look on Mary Green's "Better Meals for Less Money" as a complement to Mr. Congdon's valuable treatise. She, too, does not preach the total elimination of "cakes and ale," but the sort of sensible economy that the housewife can really practice. Her book will be found particularly helpful by those whose allowance for food has not kept pace with prices; therefore it includes a variety of recipes which call for only a small amount of meat, or of butter and eggs, together with recipes for vegetable dishes that can take the place of meat, and others for the economical use of quarter feet; she does not have to "travel so many miles" as her mother did in her big rambling kitchen, yet she seems to be able to give herself and her invited friends complete culinary satisfaction. She provides a detailed description of her kitchenette—the stove, the shelves, the utensils, and tells how to do the dishwashing—that great bugaboo of unprofessional cooks—in three minutes. She then gives directions for marketing on a small scale; discourses on butchers and grocers, their offerings and their bills. Counting Costs is the head of one chapter; others are Breakfast on a Time Limit, Lunches at Home and by Box, High-Pressure Dinners, A Bite to Eat at Bedtime, Half-a-Can Recipes. Nearly every page has a recipe or two of one kind or another, and altogether this little book is indispensable for owners of small kitchens. No fewer than 700 recipes are given altogether, clearly and with authority; the author was formerly an instructor in a famous cooking school. They are preceded by a dozen pages of general suggestions for economy. Particularly valuable, too, is the appendix, with tables of weights and measures, time-table for cooking (so much needed by most cooks), temperature table, and table of caloric values of average portions of food, which shows at a glance how one can contrive a menu including the desirable 10 per cent. of protein, 30 of fat, and 60 of carbohydrates.

Kitchenette cookery is coming more and more into vogue in these days of bachelor maids and small families. Anna Merritt East's kitchenette, which is the topic of her book, measures only seven and a half by two and a half.

Cooks, amateur as well as professional, usually pay as little attention to the physiology and psychology of their work as musicians do to the science of acoustics—a mistake in both cases. The philosophy of appetite, for example, is of fundamental importance to all cooks, as well as diners. As the authors of "The Sense of Taste" remark: "Perhaps never before in the history of our race has there been such diligence and zeal in ministering to the demands

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and satisfaction of our appetite. In the preparation, marketing, and serving of food the appeal through tastefulness and flavor stands second only to that through purity and cleanliness." The woman referred to by Jane Addams, who declared that she didn't like to eat what was nutritious, that she liked to eat "what she'd ruther," had an instinctive knowledge of the fact recently emphasized by physiologists and writers on dietetics, that, unless the appetite is agreeably stimulated, the food we eat does not digest, and therefore fails to nourish.

"The Sense of Taste" is a book of two hundred pages by two members of the faculty of Columbia University, H. L. Hollingworth and A. T. Poffenberger. It is one of a series in preparation by Moffat, Yard & Co., with the title "Our Senses and What They Mean to Us." It is edited by G. Van N. Dearborn, who contributes an introduction to this volume, which is, as he truly says, "at once interesting and scientific up to the hour." While it does not purport to solve any of the riddles still presented by this sense, it gives an excellent summary of present knowledge, the writers who have done most to elucidate the subject being, with one exception, duly cited. The authors are more careful than their predecessors in not claiming for the sense of taste what belongs to the allied sense of smell; yet, after narrowing its claim, they succeed in making it out nevertheless an extremely interesting study from many other points of view besides the culinary. New light is thrown on the dictum *de gustibus non est disputandum*, taken literally, and no important point in the anatomy, physiology, and psychology of the matter is overlooked; except that of the development of taste in the individual, as well as the race, which seems to be from the exclusive liking for sweet, followed by sour, and, finally, bitter, the desire for which is an advanced epicurean trait. Attention is called, however, to the very interesting fact regarding "bitters" that they are valuable chiefly as appetizers, and therefore need not be swallowed to procure their medicinal or tonic effect.

Side Lights on a Side Show

A Doctor's Diary in Damaraland. By Dr. H. F. B. Walker. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.10 net.

A DOZEN pages of the invaluable Buchan suffice to tell the story of Botha's victorious campaign against German West Africa in the early months of 1915. To the remote chronicler, who must preserve proportion, it is a minor incident of the world's war. It is an affair of well-considered strategy moving converging columns along definite routes to a triumphant issue, and may well be pictured by maps and diagrams. To men who made up the columns it was an endless, agonizing struggle, for Nature always seems to conspire with War to test human endurance to the breaking point. A very little part of that suffering is revealed by Dr. Walker in his honest journal of the campaign. An unconsidered member of an unconsidered unit, he set down just what he saw and heard and felt. He was the toad beneath the harrow who knows exactly where each tooth-point goes. All who wish to know the realities of war should read his very readable book.

German West Africa, or Damaraland, is a rude parallelogram of territory wedged in between the British possessions, Portuguese West Africa, and the Atlantic Ocean. The coast is harborless and desolate, but the country improves towards the interior. The capital, Windhuk, is beautifully situated on the highest point of land with an abundant supply of water. Botha invaded with two columns from the sea, and two from the Union. One worked from the north, the other three worked from the south, all following the railway lines, and all converging on the capital. Botha was in far superior force, the Burghers' rough and ready mobile columns overmatched the regular slow-moving Germans, and Franke soon surrendered. As Buchan says, "The real foe had not been the Germans, but the climate and the desert." Walker's two hundred pages are one gloss on that sentence.

The ambulance which Walker had in charge went round by sea from Cape Town to the mouth of the Swakup River. This is one of the strangest water-courses in the world. Only once in fifteen years had it been in flood; it made a rough dry road for the advance, but, anywhere beneath the surface, ten or twenty feet down, there was a stream of water. Progress was very slow, for the roads where they existed were deep sand. The maps were imperfect, and the various units lost touch. The fine dust raised by the columns was as thick as a London fog. The heat exhausted men and animals by day; at night the temperature fell to freezing-point and below. Water failed, food failed; all suffered the tortures of hunger and thirst. Men broke down from sheer discouragement; some lost their reason; the sufferings of the wounded jolted over the desert were beyond endurance. But the columns held on until their great fortitude was rewarded by victory.

Walker is an honest, open-minded man with the observant eye of a trained naturalist. He criticises his own government for its dog-in-the-manger policy in holding on to Walfisch Bay, which is a good harbor next door to the miserable open roadstead of Swakupmund. He has a good word for the Germans wherever it is deserved; and, generally, he extenuates nothing, makes no complaint, and sets down naught in malice. He deals only with what came under his own view, the grand tour of his own ambulance, not attempting to describe military movements or battles. His narrative is relieved by excellent descriptive touches, which make the God-forsaken country very real.

At last the ambulance reached Luderitzbucht, having traversed the entire country from north to south. The doctor's reflections on his experience have value and warning for all who would understand the German problem. After narrating cases of black, bitter hatred in men, women, and children, he writes: "One feels one is at grips with a madman, a madman stimulated by egoism and hate. It is most uncanny living among them. So sure are they of their superiority, their omnipotence, their divine right almost, that one is at times almost persuaded and doubts one's own sanity. To-day groups of their ex-soldiers parade the streets of Luderitz. 'You scum!' 'You filth!' flashes from their eyes. Comic enough this, behind the iron cage of defeat, terribly tragic were the circumstances otherwise. Intelligence without wisdom, strength without restraint, purpose without pity, egoism naked and unabashed—these are the forces civilization is up against."

This very minor campaign will probably be remembered for two things, that Boers who had fought the British fought by their side against the common foe, and that, in that land of intolerable thirst, the Germans poisoned wells with arsenical sheep-dip.

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Notes

AUTUMN publications of Frederic Fairchild Sherman are announced as follows: "Essays on Sienese Painting," by Bernard Berenson; "Francisco de Zurbarán," by José Cascales y Muñoz, translated by Nellie Seelye Evans; "Sixty Paintings by Alexander Wyant," described by Eliot Clark.

Harper & Brothers announce for publication this week the following volumes: "The Luck of the Irish," by Harold MacGrath; "God's Meaning in Life," by Samuel McComb, and "Constance Dunlap," by Arthur B. Reeve.

Among the volumes shortly to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co. are the following: "How to Live at the Front," by Hector MacQuarrie; "Early Philadelphia: Its People, Life and Progress," by Horace Mather Lippincott; "Old Roads Out of Philadelphia," by John T. Faris; "The Dwelling Houses of Charleston, South Carolina," by A. R. and D. E. Huger Smith; "Colonial Virginia," by Mary Newton Stanard; "Religions of the Past and Present," edited by J. A. Montgomery; "The Twice American" by Eleanor M. Ingram; "Practical Book of Outdoor Rose Growing," by George C. Thomas, jr., new edition, and the following juveniles: "Winona of Camp Karonya," by Margaret Widdemer; "Blue Heron's Feather," by Rupert Sargent Holland; Kingsley's "Water Babies"; Ouida's "Moufflou," and "Nancy First and Last," by Amy E. Blanchard.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication to-day the following volumes: "Wishing Ring Man," by Margaret Widdemer; "A Holiday in Umbria," by Thomas Graham Jackson, and "Five Little Babbits at Bonnyacres," by Walter A. Dyer.

For autumn publication, Robert J. Shores announces the following volumes: "Via Berlin," by Crittenden Marriott; "The Inn at Red Oak," by Latta Griswold; "The Years of the Locust," by Albert Payson Terhune; "The Blue Eyed Manchu," by Achmed Abdullah; "The Death Cry," by Darby Hauck; "The Face of the King" by James Roberts; "The Laughing Bear," by Robert B. H. Bell; "Christmas Days," by Judd Mortimer Lewis; "The Crystal Tower," by Xeno Putnam.

"THE Airman, his Conquests in Peace and War" (Century; $1.30 net), by Francis A. Collins, has the great merit of directness; it begins immediately with an account of the means by which one can qualify oneself to enter the field of aviation. It describes the physical and moral strain incident upon navigation of the air, and the psychological tests in regard to a man's fitness for an entrance into this comparatively new profession. One gets a realizing sense of the rapidity of advance of this profession when one reads of the practical every-day employment of what were only lately considered "stunts" —looping the loop, for instance— for the amusement of wondering crowds. Mr. Collins gives a popular description of the instruments by means of which the aviator assures himself of his stability and of his direction in the upper air, and shows what success has been attained, by an entertaining account of flying at the battle front: the most remarkable coming to pass of a poet's vision, expressed in Tennyson's lines:

> Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

In view of the marvellous advance of the art of aviation, one is not inclined to demur at the flights of imagination of Mr. Collins when he outlines a possible great extension of the use of the aeroplane in times of peace—the rapid transit over great distances, the speedy transportation of the mail, the exploration by it of unknown lands, the interior of Guiana, the source of the Amazon, the regions of the north and south poles. He sees also an aeroplane limousine, and the aeroplane in the hands of the sportsman, a machine hawk, swooping down upon defenceless quarry. These flights are extremely suggestive and may crown with fulfilment the times of peace. The scope of Mr. Collins's book, which was apparently to afford an hour's pleasant reading, did not include a discussion of various questions which undoubtedly arise from the subject-matter of his volume— whether a hydroplane will be a necessary part of the equipment of every dreadnought; how far below the surface at the best can an observer on an aeroplane see a submarine; can an aeroplane tow on the surface of the water a supported bomb and discharge it through electric wires when it is over a submarine; will it be possible to direct an aeroplane by wireless; what of America's efforts to produce a standard motor which should not hazard the lives of the hosts of young men who are thronging into the ranks of the aviation corps?

THERE is one criticism, however, which should be made: the name of Langley does not occur in Mr. Collins's account of the great art which Langley founded. One is overcome with a feeling of sadness when one reflects how soon mankind ignores the services, and even forgets the names, of its benefactors. A year before the mishap which befell Langley's aeroplane, a mishap which convinced certain Washington officials that their characterization, "that flying crank Langley," was justified, the reviewer was riding with him outside of London, and he broke his mood of taciturnity by the remark: "How absurd it is that we should be conveyed by this horse, nine hundred pounds of flesh and bone! I have at home a motor which weighs only two pounds and develops a horsepower." He knew that he had within his grasp the means of victory.

AS a clergyman's son in the early nineteenth century, Tennyson could hardly avoid an intimate knowledge of the text of the English Bible ("Tennyson's Use of the Bible," by Edna Moore Robinson; The Johns Hopkins Press; $1.50). From childhood he would hear the Psalter and the Lessons for the Day read over and over again in church on Sunday, and, it may be assumed, there were daily family prayers with reading of the Scriptures at home. Such repetition would make a deep impression on a far less sensitive mind than the poet's. That Tennyson knew his Bible is plain from even a casual reading of his poetry, though the knowledge is not paraded, but is rather woven into the texture of his thought. The extent of that knowledge and the artistic use which he made of it form the subject of an unusual study made by a Johns Hopkins fellow during the past year. This dissertation differs from the usual "source-study" in that it is much more than a drudging assemblage of parallel passages. All that drudgery has been done, and thoroughly, as is shown by an impressive array of tables proving that the Victorian laureate laid all parts of the Bible under contribution. The

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spade-work has been well done, but only to prepare the foundations for a real contribution to a critical knowledge of Tennyson's art.

MISS ROBINSON finds that Tennyson used the Bible in five different ways during his long career. In his first period he dealt simply with single passages, and took pleasure in recreating Biblical scenes, such as the martyrdom of Stephen in "The Two Voices," for their own sake. In his second period he combined freely passages drawn often from widely separated chapters, such as the account of the mystic cup in "The Holy Grail," ll. 48-58. There follows a bitter and satiric period, in which Tennyson suffered from the general pessimism. In his poetry of this time, Scripture is wrested, as in the words of Tristram to Dagonet, "For I have flung thee pearls and found thee swine." A more extended example of the same tendency is the ravings of the dying mother in "Rizpah." A fifth and very notable use occurs in the dramas. There, passages are combined, or allegorized, or used satirically, as in the three preceding periods. There follows a time of production in which his poetry contains no allusions to the Bible, a period of disuse. Miss Robinson makes out her case. At the present time Mr. Gigadibs, in all his variants, despises Tennyson as *vieux jeu*. Such a study as this reminds one that, after all, he was something of a poet. It will also tend to make the old-fashioned reader renew his fealty. For, besides accurate knowledge, it reveals a power of appreciation and that sympathy without which understanding is impossible, and the critic is but half-equipped. Moreover, it is readable. Such a passage as that which closes Chapter IV shows that the lady can write.

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DR. NIELS H. DEBEL'S "Veto Power of the Governor of Illinois," published as Vol. VI, No. 1, of the University of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences (Urbana: The University; $1), is one of those exhaustive pieces of monograph-making which appeal almost exclusively to the special student of American State government, but between the lines of which may be read a good deal that is suggestive concerning the political development of the State. Historically, the veto power in Illinois has passed through three stages. Under the Constitution of 1818, the power of veto was lodged in a council of revision composed of the Governor and the Judges of the Supreme Court. The Constitution of 1848 abolished the Council, and left the veto, otherwise unchanged, in the hands of the Governor alone. Under the Constitution of 1870 the veto power was strengthened by the requirement of a two-thirds vote of the total membership of each House of the General Assembly to override it; and since, under that Constitution, only two bills have become law in spite of the Governor's disapproval, the veto power is virtually absolute. What will strike most forcibly the student of American politics in Dr. Debel's detailed study is the large number of instances in which bills have been vetoed because of conflict either with the Constitution of the United States or with the Constitution or laws of the State, a condition typical of the ignorance, carelessness, and haste which still, unfortunately, characterize much of our State legislation. As a remedy for the evil, Dr. Debel suggests, without argument, the possibility of introducing the influence of the Governor at an earlier stage in the legislative process.

IT has been said that Plutarch is the greatest of biographers because he aimed to make a living portrait of a man's inner nature rather than to write the annals of his external acts. The same may be said of J. A. Lovat-Fraser's little biography of his fellow Scot, "Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville" (Cambridge University Press; 3s. 6d.). His excellent description of Parliamentary political corruption in Scotland in the eighteenth century explains how it was that Dundas was able to rise and then to hold such autocratic power north of the Tweed that he was commonly known as "King Harry the Ninth." The extent to which he controlled and distributed patronage was extraordinary. Even in India, as President of the Board of Control, he provided innumerable fat places for his capable countrymen, thereby strengthening still further his influence in Scotland, where gratitude for his favors, past and to come, kept the people loyal to his standard. As Lord Rosebery says, Dundas Scotticized India and Orientalized Scotland. Mr. Fortescue, in his brilliant history of the British army, has severely scored Dundas's military administration during the Napoleonic war because of his "insufferable conceit," "criminal carelessness," "extreme incapacity," and "incurable negligence." Mr. Lovat-Fraser rightly points out that Fortescue is much too severe, though he admits, by way of extenuating Melville's mistakes, that his military measures too often looked more to tickling the voter at home than to defeating the enemy abroad.

IF the Barbara Weinstock Lectures, delivered at the University of California, are to be the vehicle for such wild surmisings as those displayed by Stanton Coit in his "Is Civilization a Disease?" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net), the founder's money might have been put to much better uses.

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Mr. Coit's thesis is that "for nearly one hundred thousand years every new mastery of man over physical Nature [such as the discovery of speech, fire, tools, etc.] was such that it inevitably played into the hands of rulers by strengthening their monopoly of initiative; and that then, at last, and ever since the fifteenth century after Christ, each new mechanical invention or discovery [such as printing, the steam-engine, etc.] has had the unintended and undesired effect ultimately of scattering among the many the pent-up power of owners and rulers, and of creating in the many fresh psychic energy and a new capacity of invention." Civilization is the result of the inventions of men up to 1400 A. D., and civilization is a disease. Since that fateful date the inventions of men are of a diametrically contrary nature; they are destructive of civilization and are creating some new state of society which is not civilization but socialism, or communism, or Mr. Coit knows what. Meanwhile will some one tell us why the discovery of fire was anti-social and unspiritual, whereas the invention of the steam-engine is social and spiritual?

A VOLUME of characteristic little homilies by the late Hamilton Wright Mabie has been collected by his friends from the files of the *Outlook*, under the title of "Fruits of the Spirit" (Dodd, Mead; $1.25 net). Ethical in content, hortatory in spirit, they are unexceptionable in matter and form and also quite undistinguished. His little sermons on immortality, altruism, opportunity, character, courage, and the like have probably comforted a good many souls upon their publication as magazine essays, but they have not the stuff that endures. The book shows why many readers regarded Mr. Mabie with the respectful affection which congregations often have for a cultivated, helpful pastor; but Lyman Abbott's remark in the introduction that Mabie was an interpreter, not a critic, may serve as warning that there is not much insight in it.

Poetry of the War

To America in War Time

I

GRAVE hour and solemn choice—bare is the sword.
From the raised altar, kneeling, take the blade.
Be its grasp eucharist and accolade;
High be, and holy, lest thou creep abhorred.
Bethink thee—to the angel of the Lord
None baser, was the slayer's right conveyed:
Of thine own soul, no other's, be afraid:
The hilts of brands are lethal, and have scored
On palms once white the unhealing scar of crime.
Honor with fortune, purity with weal,
Hang trembling in the wind-blown scale of Mars:
Earth is thy judge; the listening deeps of time
Are witness, and yon azure's probing wheel,
And vigils of inexorable stars.

II

"Be thou but true"—old words which years renew—
Nor suffer blood-gout nor flame's darkling glow
To touch thy heart's inviolable snow.
Go as a nun through bordels. Be thou true!
Let the sun's glance, even as on rose and dew,
Rest on thy sabre. Wraths and greeds forego
Lest skies pale, and thy recreancy know,
Too late, yon cope's estranged, receding blue.
Nor clamp free tongues! Hast thou yet steel to spare
For fetters? Does the sword-arm clank the chain?
Be strong to conquer, mighty to forbear;
Bind us, ay, bind us—but with prayer and pain,
With greatening purpose, till new love, set free—
Love that we dreamt not, dared not—soar to thee!

O. W. FIRKINS

The Marching Men

YOUNG men are marching from our land
To fields where ye have lain;
Young men are marching silently
To join your hallowed slain.
Speak ye no word, but make a way
To where the battle flares;
Young men are marching from the West
To make your burden theirs.

Upon the altar of your earth
They make their sacrifice;
Give pity not to them, but see
The glory in their eyes;

They are the sword for more than war,
Of life, for which ye bled;
They are the trumpet that proclaims
A word man hath not said;

Death is no bitter thing for these
Who give their lives for France,
If, in victory or death,
This word find utterance;

Young men are marching from the West
To join your hallowed slain;
Young men are marching from our land
That love be not in vain.

CHARLES R. MURPHY

On Seeing a New Cartoon by Raemaekers

FEARLESS portrayer of Kultur! Thy pen
Has opened, with its trenchant lines, the eyes
Of all the world to Belgium's miseries
And Teuton frightfulness! The hearts of men
Quiver before thy pictured horrors—then
Thou thrustest deeper—
Terror-laden cries
Swell from thy pages; martyred ghosts arise,
Women and children writhe and wail again. . . .

With satire sharper than the Kaiser's sword,
Thou dar'st attack him, scoffing at the price
Wilhelm hath set upon thy head; he hears—
(Thy gift becoming poison in his ears)—
The sobs of feeble victims, which suffice
To make his minions glorify their Lord. . . .

ROBERT WITHINGTON

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Notes from the Capital

William Bourke Cockran

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, who has been widely exploited in the press as a defender of the Mooneys in the San Francisco bomb-plot trial, must often be reminded of Byron's:

> Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
> In the despatch——

for no one has suffered more than Cockran, ever since he first launched his engaging eloquence upon a listening world, from distortions of his simple patronymic into Cockrane, Cockrain, Cochran, Cochrane, and other forms evolved by the ingenuity of news editors. But, however the papers may differ in their spellings, they are practically unanimous in their judgment that he is without a rival as a public speaker. This does not mean that his oratory is convincing to a mind which is beyond capture by phrases, but only that he is fascinating, and that the longer you subject yourself to his spell the more of an appetite you have for what is still to come. Part of this effect is due to his presence, which is impressive, and part to his voice, which is bass music flavored with the faintest hint of a brogue, but most of it to his faculty for descriptive epigrams, and to the surprises he springs upon his audience from time to time by giving his argument a sudden and startling twist back upon itself. I recall hearing him denounce in Washington the income-tax project of 1894. His plea was not based on the burdens already borne by the rich, which it would be unfair to increase, but went clear to the opposite aspect of the case, complaining because the poor, having no incomes large enough to tax, would be shut off from their due share of participation in the support of the Government! He represented a district in New York in which a large element lived on day's wages, and he was proud, he declared, to be the champion of Cherry Hill against Murray Hill.

This recalled to my memory a case he argued in the early days of his law practice, as counsel for a railway company sued by an old woman who had been run down by a train and badly crippled. She had fixed her damages at $25,000; but the company was hoping to get this reduced to $15,000, and its president was almost paralyzed when Cockran, after producing such evidence as he could to show that the trainmen were not to blame, addressed to the jury a warning not to let sentiment sway them from the strict line of logic. "If we were at fault," said he, with marked deliberation, "then $25,000 would not be a penny too much to give this woman for the terrible disfigurement she has suffered; but if the accident was unavoidable, then it would be criminal to compel us to pay for what we could not help. Remember, gentlemen, that you are under oath to deal justly between the parties to this case, and you must make it either $25,000 or nothing at all!" Probably two-thirds of the audience agreed with the frightened president in expecting this audacious challenge to bring an award of full damages, and were as astonished as he when the jury returned, with very brief delay, a verdict in favor of the company.

I heard Cockran make the speech with which he held fifteen thousand persons spellbound in the rude wooden wigwam on the Chicago lake-front at the close of the Democratic National Convention of 1892. It was about three in the morning, and all the delegates and most of the spectators had been there since four o'clock of the afternoon before, a terrific thunderstorm having raged for a large part of the night; yet neither their weary bodies nor their strained nerves let their attention wander as his facile tongue set forth reason after reason why the Convention should not nominate Cleveland for President. They knew as well as he that all this was a waste of words, but not a score of his hearers in that huge hallful would willingly have foregone the treat he offered, of which the acme was reached when he asserted:

"Mr. Cleveland *is* popular——"

The Tammany men looked blank, and the other faction leaned forward to catch the coming confession; but Cockran, pausing just a second, finished his sentence:

"——in Republican States, because his Democracy is not offensive to Republicans"; and went on:

> I believe he is a man of extraordinary popularity on every day of the year—except election-day. It is a popularity which may be described as tumultuous, but it is not calculated to produce votes. It is calculated to produce enthusiasm for four months before the convention, and disappointment for four years thereafter!

Cockran is of Irish birth, French education, Manhattan Island politics. With this mixture of antecedents, it is scarcely strange that he has been found in a variety of partisan affiliations during his public career of nearly thirty years. He fought Tammany Hall till it took him in; stayed in it till Boss Croker made it uncomfortable for him, and has been alternately for and against it ever since; supported the Democratic ticket with a poor grace in 1892 because Cleveland headed it, and the Republican ticket in 1896 because he could not stomach Bryan and free-silver coinage; boomed Bryan in 1900 on the anti-imperialist pronouncements of the platform, but visited the Philippines in Taft's time and came back with his views of imperialism made over; supported Parker in 1904 because Roosevelt was threatening American institutions with demoralization or destruction, but got under the Progressive banner about the time that Roosevelt's grip on it was loosening. One is sometimes tempted to wonder how far he might have gone politically if he had not spent so much of his life in just catching up with himself. Persons of a skeptical turn of mind, moreover, are suspicious of the sincerity of a man who can make so lightning-like a series of changes; but Cockran's philosophy is doubtless much like that of the Indian who, found wandering about the desert in search of his home, refused to admit that he was lost, because "Me here; tepee lost." If party conditions did not change so often, Mr. Cockran wouldn't—perhaps.

Cockran was laid up in the midst of one campaign by an accident in riding. As he described it, the horse started to run away, and he threw himself off to save his life, landing face downward in the middle of a gravelled road, and receiving some painful bruises. No one who has seen him astride a horse could marvel at what happened: a more distressed figure it would be hard to imagine, looking as if he were bent on reaching destination ahead of his steed, and full of anxiety over the prospect. With a dog he appears to better advantage, for he is fond of dogs. Indeed, the story among his friends is that his reason for taking up gratuitously the final appeal of the murderer Kemmler, the first victim of the death-chair, in 1890, was that the

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preliminary experiments with the electric current as a death-dealer had been made on dogs, which endured tortures before the decisive shock put them out of their misery; and from this he argued that electrocution was a cruel and unusual punishment within the meaning of the Constitution.

A head of Napoleonic weight; brows with the upward and inward slant that has marked those of Henry Ward Beecher and other famous swayers of multitudes; a broad jaw; a mouth which, though rather heavy, is notably flexible; a frame six feet in height with a breadth in proportion: here is the picture of the man as the public see him. And it must be said for the quality of his work as a speaker that, unlike the majority of professional orators, he is equally effective whether he stands in the midst of a crowd on the same level, or mounted higher and facing them from a stage. TATTLER

Reviews of Plays

"THE FAMILY EXIT"

THE author of "Another Way Out," which scored a success last season in the presentation by the Washington Square Players, has written for the same organization in their home at the Comedy Theatre another trifle built on similar lines. Both have for their groundwork the shifting estimates of free love and marriage, as affected by special circumstance. But whereas the smart dicta in "Another Way Out" got some authority from the particular setting of the play, a studio in Washington Square, the satire in "The Family Exit" seems flat and piffling, because Mr. Langner has taken for his target New York life in general. He manifestly has not the vision to cope with it.

The piece gets its fun from the following situation: A fashionable bachelor, who has been living in Paris with a mistress for twenty years, has scandalized his relatives by bringing her to New York and when held up by the authorities at Ellis Island, by promptly marrying her. It is not that he cares for the opinion of his relatives. In fact, to rid himself of them he plans that she shall divorce him with the aid of a notorious young woman who for a sum will furnish sufficient evidence. But when at his instigation the supposed scandal receives flaming publicity in the papers, he is overwhelmed by his relatives' congratulations: For he is now rid of his humble Elise. Yet when Elise returns by agreement again to become his mistress, the relatives take leave of him with bitterest imprecations. It matters not that all these years the love of the two has never faltered. Just here the author does, it is true, contrive a quick turnabout in popular estimation suggestive of Shaw. But as a whole the play is insignificant. F.

"THE Witch of Endor," by Robert Norwood (Doran; $1.25 net), is a work very far above the literary and dramatic level of the ordinary spectacular Biblical melodramas to which the theatre-going public has been accustomed. It is a pictorial, tragic romance, dignified and imaginative in treatment, written in vigorous, spirited blank verse, in which the Scriptural record is supplemented by the invention of an ardent and somewhat audacious fancy. Moreover, it is well qualified for actual stage representation, by its vivid characterization, its plentiful stirring and picturesque incident, and its dash of the preternatural. A judicious abridgment of some of the dialogue—excellent as most of it is—would probably be found expedient and, in the managerial sense, profitable. There are bold and vital sketches of the principal characters in the Biblical narrative—Saul, Samuel, Doeg, Abner, Jonathan, David, Michal, etc.—while the heroine herself, Loruhama, by the aid of poetic and dramatic license, becomes a strikingly attractive, passionate, and pathetic figure. Here the Witch of Endor, a beautiful priestess of Astaroth, and Saul are lovers before the elevation of the latter to the throne. For his sake she not only refuses to become his Queen, realizing the ruin in which such an alliance would involve him, but braves the enmity of the Edomite Doeg, Saul's treacherous minister, of whom she had previously been the co-conspirator. Saul then marries Ahinoam, who becomes the mother of his children, although he is not able to forget his former enchantress, to whom, at the last, having long had recourse to false gods, he betakes himself, in the Temple of Astaroth, and bids her by her spells to invoke the shade of the departed Samuel, who appears and pronounces his doom. As he goes to his death at Gilboa, he, in a finely poetic farewell to the despairing Loruhama, pledges her eternal love, in a palace to be built beyond the clouds. The skill with which the outlines of the original story are wrought into a tense drama of intrigue and romantic passion, without actual violence to the incidents of record, is of no common order and is evidence of a rare dramatic instinct. From almost every point of view the play is a remarkable achievement. It is, perhaps, too good to have much chance of reaching the footlights, but it may be commended unhesitatingly to the intelligent reader. J. R. T.

Amusements

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Finance

As Silver Goes on Rising

THE rise in silver, which proceeded at a fairly headlong rate last week, is taking rank as one of the most curious war-time problems. Undoubtedly the driving influence behind this month's advance (aside from decreased world's production and increased demand for European coinage) is the increase in Oriental trade activity during Europe's diversion of its energies to war, and the fact that, to settle Oriental exchange while drawing gold from the East

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Europe has had no recourse left but to send huge quantities of silver.

The rise in the price of silver to $1.08½ per ounce last week, as against $1.00½ at the close of the week preceding, marked an advance of 17⅞ cents since September 1, and of 33⅛ cents since the present year began. Silver is now nearly 60 per cent. higher than it was a year ago. The London price last week stood at the highest since March, 1878—the very month, by a curious coincidence, when Congress passed the Bland Silver Coinage bill.

Some odd calculations are suggested by this movement—calculations which were much more familiar in the "Bryan campaign" of 1896 than now. At $1.29¼ per ounce, the silver in the dollar would be worth 100 cents. At last week's price of $1.08½, it was worth 83⅞ cents. On the day when the European war began, its value on the silver market was only 40½ cents. The other calculation affects the ratio between gold and silver. When the silver in a dollar is worth 100 cents, the famous "16-to-1 ratio" stands. At last week's price, the ratio was not quite 19 to 1. A year ago last week, it was 30 to 1.

The price is hardly likely to reach the "coinage parity," or to get very close to it. But the market has only to advance as much farther as it advanced in the fortnight past, in order to reach a point where the silver dollar would be worth more than 100 cents as bullion. What then? So far as the United States is concerned, we have had some experience in the matter. Between 1837, when the silver dollar was fixed at its present intrinsic value, and 1872, just before its free coinage was suspended, less than 2,000,000 of the dollars were coined.

The value of the silver in them ranged from an average of $1.009 in 1837 to $1.052 in 1859, and it was found that every dollar put out from the mint, if it did not get into a collector's cabinet, was privately melted down and sold. If the price should now by chance go much above $1.29 per ounce, the silver dollars would again disappear from circulation and their coinage be suspended. We should still, however, have our half-dollars, "quarters," and dimes, in which the proportion of pure silver is considerably smaller. They were coined freely between 1837 and 1873, and remained in circulation.

Who has the silver dollars? That might conceivably become interesting. The Treasury's last statement is that $72,540,869 of them is in the hands of the public or in reserves of banks, but that $495,137,103 is stored away in the Treasury vaults at Washington, as security for the same amount of "silver certificates" in circulation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Anderson, S. Marching Men. Lane. $1.50 net.
Castle, A. and E. Wolf-Lure. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Dawson, W. J. Robert Shenstone. Lane. $1.50 net.
Eastman, R. H. The Big Little Person. Harper. $1.40 net.
Finnemore, J. The Renegade. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hopkins, N. M. The Raccoon Lake Mystery. Lippincott. $1.35 net.
Irwin, F. The Mask. Little, Brown. $1.40 net.
King, B. The High Heart. Harper. $1.50 net.
Kirk, R. G. White Monarch and the Gas-House Pup. Little, Brown. $1 net.
Laughlin, C. E. The Heart of Her Highness. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Lewis, S. The Innocents. Harper. $1.25 net.
Morely, C. Parnassus on Wheels. Doubleday, Page.
Peattie, E. W. The Newcomers. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Riley, W. The Way of the Winepress. Putnam.
Robbins, T. The Unholy Three. Lane. $1.40 net.
Sherwood, M. Familiar Ways. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Sinclair, U. King Coal. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anderson, C. C. The War Manual. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net.
Barres, M., Allinson, A. C. E., and Younghusband, F. The War and the Spirit of Youth. Atlantic Monthly Co.
Bosanquet, B. Social and International Ideals. Macmillan. $2.25.
Cocroft, S. Growth in Silence. Putnam. $1.50 net.
De Windt, H. Russia as I Know It. Lippincott.
Gallishaw, J., and Lynch, W. The Man in the Ranks. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Holmes, J. A. The Prodigal Son—Ten Years Later. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

LI HUNG CHANG

By **J. O. P. BLAND**, joint author of Backhouse and Bland's "China under the Empress Dowager." (*Makers of the 19th Century, Uniform with Charnwood's "Abraham Lincoln," etc. Just ready, $2.00 net.*)

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Summary of the News

THE German and Austrian replies to the Pope's peace proposals, which reached the outside world September 21, have much the same tenor; neither gives in itself the slightest impetus to the peace movement. Purporting to be animated by a warm enthusiasm for the objects and views of the Pope, they are studiously empty of anything except artful evasion of the issues in hand. The Austrian note, written by Emperor Charles, is perhaps chiefly distinguished by the emphasis laid upon "the freedom of the seas," and the German note, written by Chancellor Michaelis (after a consultation with a picked group of Reichstag members, of which fact, in answer to Wilson's note, he boasts), by its insistence upon Germany's love for peace and amity. Germany professes to be entirely ready to disarm, and to desire ardently the establishment of obligatory arbitration of international disputes. There is also a reference to its earnest desire "in accordance with . . . the peace resolution of the Reichstag on July 19 to find a practical basis for a just and lasting peace." But the sincerity of these professions is not vouched for by a single specific statement as to the German war aims; not the least mention is made even of Belgium. On the contrary, they are accompanied with the possibly sinister statement in reference to international arbitration that "the Imperial Government will in this respect support every proposal compatible with the vital interest of the German Empire and people"; and in reference to the future peace that it must be on conditions "corresponding to a spirit of reasonableness and to the situation in Europe." Germany, in short, stands pledged to nothing but vague approval of a general movement towards the reduction of armaments and the substitution of right for might when built upon a peace of the actual character of which she says nothing.

DISAPPOINTMENT with the notes has been world-wide in all those quarters where any real expectations had existed of anything better, though the German press, even to *Vorwärts*, which congratulates the world upon "a really new spirit," is glowing in praise. The approval of the more liberal German organs is doubtless accounted for by the semi-official announcement that more definite proposals concerning peace have been communicated by von Kuehlmann to the Papal Nuncio, these including the terms on which the Germans would evacuate Belgium; and by such reports as that of the *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Munich, that this week Chancellor Michaelis will announce that Belgium will be returned in exchange for the German colonies. The *Tageblatt*, of Berlin, declares that mention of territorial matters was unnecessary because the Governments had "associated themselves with" the desires of the Pope and the peace resolution of the Reichstag.

THE American State Department has continued to reveal the treachery of German diplomats through their own documents. On September 21 it published a message which von Bernstorff had sent home from Washington, on January 22 last, the day President Wilson read his peace message to Congress. It requested "authority to pay up to $50,000 (fifty thousand dollars) in order, as on former occasions, to influence Congress through the organization you know of, which can perhaps prevent war"; and added that "In the above circumstances a public official declaration in favor of Ireland is highly desirable, in order to gain the support of Irish influence here." Upon this we comment elsewhere; an investigation backed by Congress was for a time considered, but in deference to the view that it could accomplish nothing and might seem to show distrust of our lawmakers, it will probably not be undertaken.

TWO days later an official *exposé* of German intrigue in America was issued by the Committee on Public Information, based upon papers captured by Secret Service men in April, 1916, in the office of Wolf von Igel, at 60 Wall Street, New York city. These related to the destruction of merchant ships on the high seas; to the abetting of Irish revolutionary plots against Great Britain; to the fomenting of ill-feeling against the United States in Mexico; to acts of war against Canada; to stirring up troubles in munitions plants; to the subornation of American writers and lecturers, and to the maintenance of a spy system—all these activities being directed and financially supported by the German Embassy through von Igel's "advertising office." Perhaps the most novelty attaches to a letter of April, 1916, addressed to von Bernstorff by a man who signed in cipher, stating that Judge Daniel F. Cohalan, of the Supreme Court of New York, requested the transmission of some advice concerning German support of the Irish rebellion. Aerial attacks on England, a diversion of the fleet, and the landing of German officers and ammunition were recommended. Judge Cohalan has not very convincingly denied the authenticity of the letter and has ascribed it to British malice. A mass of evidence was made public concerning the grossly illegal activities of German agents like Paul Koenig; new smirches were added to the names of Viereck and Edwin Emerson; and other men once distinguished for pro-German or anti-British views were shown to be in dubious relations with von Bernstorff.

THE chief military stroke of the week was by Haig's army on an eight-mile front east of Ypres, September 20, which penetrated the German lines to a depth of more than a mile, and resulted in the capture of the villages of Veldhoek and Zevenkote, some guns, and 3,243 men. The Rumanians have made slight progress at points in Moldavia, and the Russians have reported scattering successes, as in the Silzeme sector of the Riga front September 23. Just previously, however, the Germans forced the Russians out of Jacobstadt on the Dvina and occupied twenty-six miles of the left bank of that stream, taking fifty guns, large stores, and 400 prisoners.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made by Secretary McAdoo that the second issue of Liberty Loan bonds will be put on the market beginning Monday, October 1; that an intensive advertising campaign will be carried on till the sale stops October 27, and that the issue will be for from three billion to four billion dollars. The rate will be 4 per cent. President Wilson has signed the $11,000,000,000 bond bill, under authority of which the issue will be made. The magnitude of the advertising campaign planned may be gauged from the fact that 5,500,000 posters have been ordered.

LABOR troubles continue to occupy a large place in the news. A strike of 30,000 iron workers and others concerned in building ships at San Francisco began September 17 and continued for a week, when the men were induced to return to work on a temporary wage schedule. A final adjudication of the differences will be made by the Federal Board of Conciliation. Meanwhile, a strike of about 6,500 longshoremen in the Port of New York was more expeditiously settled. President Wilson has appointed a commission of five, including Secretary William B. Wilson, as his personal representatives in visiting the localities where disagreements have been most common, with a view to composing differences.

THE primary election in New York city has resulted in the apparent nomination by the Republicans of John Purroy Mitchel for Mayor by a very slight majority over William M. Bennett. Allegations of fraud by Mr. Bennett are resulting in a recount. The Democratic nominee was John F. Hylan.

A NOT unexpected sequel to the State Department's revelations of Count von Luxburg's treachery was the vote by the Argentine Senate, 23 to 1, in favor of breaking off relations with Germany. For a day such action seemed certain; it was checked by hasty repetition of assurances from Berlin of disapproval of Luxburg's outgivings regarding "cruiser warfare." Argentina is now reported to be pressing Germany for a complete disavowal of Luxburg, and for renewed guarantees that Argentine ships will be respected. Costa Rica has severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

A NOTABLE step in price-fixing was taken by the Government when on September 24 President Wilson approved a voluntary agreement between steel producers and the War Industries Board upon the rate the United States, its allies, and the public are to pay for steel products during the war. The maximum price allowed is $65 per short ton for steel plates; $60 a ton is allowed for steel shapes, and $58 a ton for steel bars. The prices fixed by agreement represent savings of from 47 to 70 per cent. over the highest prices recently paid under private contract. Such raw materials necessary to the steel industry as iron ore, coke, and pig iron also come under governmental control, and the price of all except iron ore has been sweepingly lowered. It has been stipulated that there shall be no reduction in the present rate of wages in the steel industry, and that the steel producers shall exert every effort in order to maintain a maximum production during the period of the war.

AN air raid upon England the night of September 24 was carried out by airplanes in the London region and by Zeppelins over the northeastern counties. Two airplanes penetrated the defences of London, and their bombs killed fifteen persons and wounded seventy; the Zeppelins were driven off after they had injured three women. The call for reprisals is again heard.

THE House of Representatives has by a vote of 181 to 107 adopted a special rule to create a Committee on Woman Suffrage.

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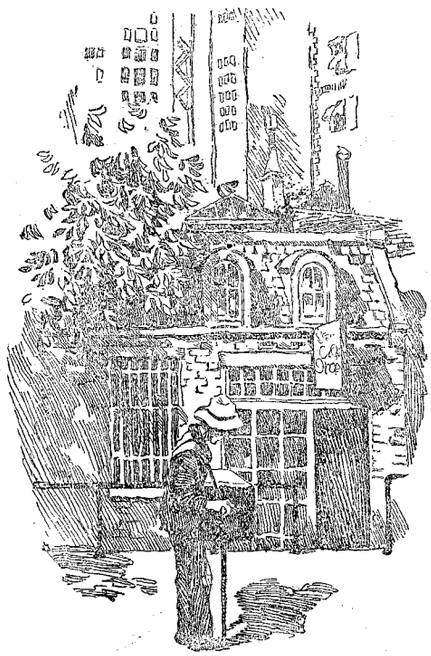

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